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# Torrent of Portengale.

re-edited by

E. Adam

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*Extra Series, 51*

1887

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# Torrent of Portynale.

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# TORRENT OF PORTYNGALE.



RE-EDITED

FROM THE UNIQUE MS. IN THE CHETHAM LIBRARY,  
MANCHESTER,

BY

E. ADAM, PH.D.



LONDON:

PUBLISHED FOR THE EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY  
BY N. TRÜBNER & CO., 57 & 59, LUDGATE HILL.

MDCCCLXXXVII.

DEDICATED  
TO MY TEACHER AND HELPER,  
PROF. E. KÖLBING, PH.D.

Extra Series.

II.

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RICHARD CLAY & SONS, LIMITED, LONDON & BUNGAY.

# Torrent of Portingale.

## INTRODUCTION.

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|---|---|
| <p>§ 1. <i>The MS. and Halliwell's edition</i>,<br/>p. v.<br/>§ 2. <i>Metre and Versification</i>, p. vi.<br/>§ 3. <i>Dialect</i>, p. x; <i>short vowels</i>, p. xi;<br/><i>long vowels</i>, p. xii; <i>inflections</i>, p. xiii.<br/>§ 4. a. <i>The contents of the Romance</i>,<br/>p. xvi; b. <i>its character</i>, p. xx;<br/>c. <i>Origin of the story of Torrent</i>,<br/>p. xxi; d. <i>Legend of Eustache or</i></p> | <p><i>Plasidas</i>, p. xxii; e. <i>Sir Isunbras</i>,<br/>p. xxiv; f. <i>Romances of Octavian</i>,<br/>p. xxv; g. <i>Sir Eglamour</i>, p. xxvi;<br/>h. <i>Comparison of Torrent and Eg-</i><br/><i>lamour</i>, p. xxvii; i. <i>the 2 Romances</i><br/><i>independent</i>, p. xxx.<br/>§ 5. <i>Arrangement of this Edition</i>,<br/>p. xxxii.</p> |
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§ 1. THE manuscript from which the following romance of *Sir Torrent of Portugal* is taken, is a folio volume on paper, of the fifteenth century, preserved in the Chetham Library at Manchester.

A description of this volume is given by Halliwell in his *Account of the European MSS. in the Chetham Library at Manchester*, Manchester, 1842, page 16, and by Prof. Koelbing in his *Englische Studien*, vii. 195. The only edition of this romance that we have hitherto had was done by Halliwell. As he had, besides his own transcript, another copy made by Madden, his text is a pretty accurate one, and therefore the results of Prof. Koelbing's collation, printed in his *Englische Studien*, vii. 344 ff., concern, for the most part, things of little importance, except one very curious passage, l. 88, where Halliwell renders the quite correct reading of the MS., *p la more de deve* = *par l'amour de dieu*, by *Pericula more be-  
deu[n]e*. Also, from l. 1720, the counting of the lines is wrong by 100 lines.

A few short fragments of a printed edition were found by Halliwell in the Douce Collection, Bodleian Library, Oxford, and added to his work as an Appendix. They contain the following passages of the MS. :

Fragment III.	=	lines	462—489.
"	II.	=	" 492—520.
"	VI.	=	" 820—851.
"	V.	=	" 917—948.
"	IV.	=	" 949—970.
"	I.	=	" 1807—1866.

A seventh fragment, of which not much more than the rhyming words are preserved, was omitted by Halliwell, and was printed for the first time in Prof. Koelbing's collation.

This Chetham MS. contains the romance in a very debased and corrupt form, so that the original reading in many passages can hardly be recognized.<sup>1</sup> The scribe, who copied the poem from an older MS., lived (no doubt) at a far later period than the poet; he did not therefore understand a great many old expressions, and these he used to supplant by words of his own; he also transposed and even omitted many lines, and spoiled the rhyme, because he had not the slightest idea of the nature of the stanza in which the poem is composed. Halliwell did not trouble himself about the restoration of the true readings; he merely reproduced the traditional text, even where it would have been very easy to do more, though many passages are hopelessly corrupt; still worse is the fact, that he did not recognize the metre as the tail-rhymed twelve-line stanza, for he prints six-line stanzas.

In consequence, the whole of the philological work on the text had still to be done, and a new edition was plainly necessary; the more that this poem, though not written in the best period of romance poetry, treats of a legendary subject widely spread in the Middle Ages, and is nearly related to another poem, *Syr Eylamour of Artois*.

## § 2. METRE AND VERSIFICATION.

As I mentioned before, the romance of *Sir Torrent* is composed in the well-known tail-rhymed twelve-line stanza, and belongs to that class of it in which the first and the second couplets have different rhyme-sounds (cf. Koelbing, *Amis and Amiloun*, p. xiv ff.).

<sup>1</sup> Halliwell says, Preface v f.: 'It is very incorrectly written, and the copy of the romance of *Torrent* of Portugal, which occupies 88 pages of the book, contains so many obvious blunders and omissions, that it may be conjectured with great probability to have been written down from oral recitation.

Only the incompleteness of many stanzas, and the many defects in reference to the rhyme, can excuse Halliwell for not apprehending the character of the metre. As to the structure of the eight lines of the four couplets, each contains (or at least ought to contain) four accents, the *caudæ* three; but as we, unfortunately, possess only one MS., a conclusive statement on this point is impossible. There is no doubt about the fact that neither the really incorrect rhymes nor the wanting of them can be due to the author of the poem: even when romance poetry was decaying, the poets were fairly perfect rhymers: with all deficiencies in this department, the copyists are to be charged.

*Consonant rhymes* (s. *Schipper Altengl. Metrik*, p. 299) are found in *Torrent* in the following passages: l. 141 *rode—rode* ags. *ról—rál*. 450 *the—the* ags. *þeón—þe*. 1558 *indele—dele*. 2205 *lay—lay*, sg.—pl. pr.

*Identical rhymes* are frequent, especially in the *caudæ*: 81 *stond—stond*. 177 *there—there*. 500 *he—he*. 1887 *there—there*. 2538 *blithe—blithe*. 39 *take—take*. 342 *bold—bold*, a. s. o.

*Assonances*: 195 *bow—Rome*. 518 *uulyrstond—strong*. 537 *name—alone*. 699 *god—fotte*. 758 *name—tune*. 896 *bryng—nynd*. 1257 *overcom—Aragon*. 1768 *man—cam*. 2164 *anon—fome*. 2544 *sithe—hide*.

Besides the rhymes we find abundant alliteration, as in most of the Middle English Romances. On alliteration, cf. Regel, *Die alliteration in Lázamon*, *Germ. Stud.* I. 171; F. Lindner, *The alliteration in Chaucer's Canterbury Tales*, *Essays on Chaucer*, Pt. III., p. 197 ff. Koelbing, *Sir Tristrem*, p. xxxvii, and *Amis and Amiloun*, p. lxvi. Lindner as well as Koelbing has adopted Regel's classification, and so shall I. The most frequent is two alliterative words in one verse; they can be classed in the following way:—

I. A. The same word is repeated in two succeeding lines; v. 456 f.: *Forthe sche brought a whyt sted, As whyt as the floury in med*; v. 618 f.: *In IV quarters he hym drowe, And every quarter rpyon a bove*. v. 2026 f.: *But ran into a wildernes Amongist beests that wyld wes*. v. 2465 f.: *They axid hors and armes bryght, to horsbak went thay in fyrr*.

B. *Alliterative combinations, one part of which is a proper name.* *Torrent* is several times combined with the verb *take*; 26: *Towarde hym he takythe Torrayne*; 224: *Torrent thether toke the way*; 519: *Torrent toke a dulful wey*; 2269: *Whan sir Torent was takyn<sup>l</sup> than<sup>l</sup>*; 91: *Now, be my trowthe, seyl Torent than<sup>l</sup>*; 1161: *Alas, said DesoneH the dere*; 2523: *As was dame DesoneH*; 1906 = 1946 = 1969: *Mary myld. To send unto her Sathanus. v. 1091: The casteH of Cardon<sup>l</sup>.*

II. A. *Words of the same root are alliterative.* 133: *Torrent, on kne knelyd he*; 671: *That on hys kne he kneld*; 2502: *And knelid on her kne*; 205: *Torrent knelyd on hys kne* = v. 528; 881: *And knelyd vppon ys kne*; 1883: *She knelid down<sup>l</sup> vppon<sup>l</sup> her kne*; 2563: *Down<sup>l</sup> they knelid on<sup>l</sup> her kne*; 512: *By dymmynge of the day*; 1158: *For her love did I never no dede*; 1801: *That ylke dede, that she hath done*; 1943: *How she flew in a flight*; 2384: *Liffe and lyvelode, whiH I lyve*; 233: *A lyon & a lyonasse*; 1671: *For to se that selly sight*; 407: *For the tolles thou hast me told*; 1466: *And fals talis hym<sup>l</sup> told*; 2578: *Euer we wiH be at youre wiH.*

B. Relations in which alliterative words stand to each other according to their meaning.

a. Concrete ideas are joined together because they belong to the same sphere of life. 2017: *Byrdus and bestis, aye woo ye be*; 113: *bone and blod*; 21: *kyng and knyght*; 83: *And ryche castelles in that contre*; 251: *In lond with a fyndes fere*; 102: *That fyndes fare for aye*; 1094: *Both at knyght and knave*; 584: *Bothe in<sup>l</sup> frethe and in feld*; 660: *Stomlyng thurrow frythe and few<sup>l</sup>*; 1378: *Both be hold and be hyH*; 2398: *lym<sup>l</sup> and lith*; 750: *LytyH and mykyH, lese and more*; 1899: *That was lord of aH that lond*; 2152: *Loo, lordys of every lond*; 2375: *With aH maner of mynstralsye*; 149: *He reynyed hys sted vnto a stake*; 1065: *Waytes on the waH gan blowe*; 13: *water and wynde.*

b. In the same way abstract ideas are connected, so far as they belong to the same sphere of life. 460: *That dethe ys dynt schalt pou not thole*; 1600: *Of deth yane he no dout*; 782 = 2062: *feyer and fre*; 2153: *Falshode wyH haue a foule end*; 1988: *Helpe*

*and hold I shal hym yere*; 1492: *They sat and song*; 683: *Cryst hym saue and see*; 1303: *That he was sad and sore*; 1612: *set sully and sore*; 335: *God that sofryd wondres sore*; 322: *styff and strong* = 1491 = 2590; 1205: *That wekyd was and wight*; 1584: *wekyd and wight*; 1849: *Her one child woke and be-gan to wepe*; 1559: *And wol ye weH and not wene*; 246: *Sche weppte, as sche were wod*.

C. The grammatical relations in which the alliterative words stand to each other.

a. Subst. and adj. in attributive or predicative combinations. *As bold as eny bore*; *With browes brod and wyde*; 142: *hys bugeH bold*; 307: *In a dongon<sup>1</sup> that ys dym*; 82: *My fayer<sup>1</sup> forestes fellythe donee he*; 209: *The fayer<sup>1</sup> fylde*; 426: *glemyrryng ase the glase*; 1592: *good gate*; 171 = 596: *the holtes bore*; 1484: *To an hye hyH*; 1183: *sydes sure*; 154: *Thowe the wey neryr so wykkyd were*; 2054: *wekyd weders*; 506: *In the wyld-some way*; 535: *Wyldsom weyes haue I went*; 2030: *She went on that wilson<sup>1</sup> way*.

b. Verbs or adjectives combined with the adverb or substantive which contains their secondary adverbial meaning. 1478: *To be here at his bane*, cf. 1678: *That there his bone hath be*; 1944: *To her birdus was she boun<sup>1</sup>*; 2016: *With blis on enery borze*; 135: *That bought hym with hys blod*; 1045: *Thurrow the body he gan hym bere*; 1404: *To the bote they bare*; 334: *Thus he coryrd out of care*; 27: *That doughtty ys in dedde*, cf. 1725; 98: *With-out fere that he schold fare*; 603 = 977: *Also fast ase he myght fare*; 536: *With fyndes for to fyght*; 802: *To fyght with that fyndes fere*; 1262: *That was grow both grene and gay*; 1060 = 2330: *Torent be the houl he hent*; 270: *That merke ys of myght*; 713: *That merke use of myght*; 24: *For God ys most of myght*, cf. 1112: *To a man off myght*; 1879: *Up she rose ageyn<sup>1</sup> the rough*; 2100: *Go sech her in the see*; 2129: *And sett hym<sup>1</sup> oute in to the see*; 2469: *That semely to se were*; 126: *And symly was to sene*; 415: *That dare I sothely sey*; 1170: *Torrent sett on hym<sup>1</sup> so sore*; 139: *Serttes, yf I hym slepyng slone*; 181: *Torrent endyr hys spryt he sprent*; 179: *But sloud styH*; 2410: *He is so styff at every stoure*;



987: *Torrent in<sup>1</sup> the storrope stod*; 1912: *For no stroke wold she stynt*; 2060: *By a tokyn<sup>1</sup> I schaH the teH*; 2397: *Or walkyd in wede*; 383: *In hys walke ther ase he went*; 725: *And went forthe on hys wey*; 107: *And on hys wey gan he wynd*; 2030: *She went on that wilsom<sup>1</sup> way*; 989: *ale wyld at wyle*; 2088: *In no wise he wold*; 1206: *To wed her to my wyffe*; 749: *That wyt ys rudyr wede*; 1315: *AH men wonderid on that wight*; 33: *worthiest in wede*.

c. Substantives and verbs are combined in the relation of subject and predicate. 2221: *Down knelid that knyght*; 854: *Whether the fynd can fyght*; 2390: *There that his lady lent*; 2064: *My love was on the lent*; 1219: *Gret lordys to churche her led*; 170: *The fyndes spere sparrythe hymne nothyng*; 84: *No ston lettethe he stound*.

d. Verbs and substantives are combined as predicate and object. 2490: *his bak to bend*; 2532: *That couth moche curtesye*; 273: *Thy dethe than wyH he dyght*, cf. 1043: *Hys dethe to hymne ys dyght*; 1648: *Thy deth now is dight*; 2123: *What deth they wold hym do*; 161: *My lordes frethe thus to feH*; 2235: *Found hym his fiH off ffyght*; 1743: *The fforward ye to fulleffylle*; 651: *He gathryed svm of hys gere*; 210: *Vpp both his handes he held*; 1799: *For Iesu is love, that harood heH*; 1820: *Whan they led that lady ffire*; 2080: *Lere we now that lady gent*; 1663: *Ech on other laid good loile*; 1495: *To god that made man*; 435: *A gret maynerey let he make ryght*; 264: *To hym sche mad here mone*; 645: *He raught Torrent soche a rought*; 1172: *And aH to sherved his sheld*; 502: *Tho he be strod anoble stede*; 2482: *Torent be strode a stede strong*; 281: *I schaH the teH soche a tokyn<sup>1</sup>*; 2013: *Ne wanted she no woo*; 115: *He that schaH wend soche a wey*; 439: *Hom-ward to wend ther wey*; 2448: *And than<sup>1</sup> to wend her way*; 2457: *And to her logyng went her way*; 1544: *Other wayes yf I wend*; 207: *That hathe thys world to wyld*.

### § 3. THE DIALECT.

The stanza of twelve lines was probably first employed in the north of England; at least it would be difficult to prove the exist-



ence of a poem composed in this metre in the southern part of the country; therefore it is beforehand probable that the romance of *Torrent* was composed either in some part of the Midlands or in the North. In order to determine the dialect more precisely, we restrict ourselves to a careful consideration of the rhymes.

## 1. SHORT VOWELS.

Old English *ǣ* is (1) preserved before *n* and *m*: 744 and 788 *Iame—name*. 927 *Adryan—jentylmane*. 13 *londe—wonande*. 352 *stonde—lygand*. 1128 *stonde—shynand*. No part. pres. on-*ond* rhyming with an unvariable *-ond* has been traced out until now, but 1824 *wepand—wonde* (ags. *wunden*) seems to be the first. 2. Changed into *o*. 516 *rome—frome* ags. *rúm—fram*. 2446 *mon<sup>1</sup>—done*. 1190 *none—shone—anon—done*. 1257 *ouercom—Aragon<sup>1</sup>*. 1989 *son—can* (= *con*). 2040 *anon<sup>1</sup>—bone*. A curious exception is 1929 *grame* (= *greme*)—*tme—Ierusalem*; cf. *Gaw*. l. 312.

O.E. *e*, the *i*-umlaut of *a*, is preserved: 373 *end—wend*. 476 *went—jent*. 924 *teH—hell*. 1702 *hell—DesoneHe*. 1798 *feH—heH*. The past partic. of *seón*, *segen*, has been contracted into *sen*. 1562 *sene—wene*.

O.E. *æ* has become *a*: 45 *spake—take*. 363 *ffure—bare*. 726 and 876 *sale—PortynggaHe*. 1074 *passe—was*. 1131 *sale—tale*. 1233 *thare—fare*. 1236 *was—Sathanas*. 1399 *care—thare*. 2287 *was—alas*.

*æ* has become *e*: 2026 *wildernes—was*. 764 *derre—clere—ware* (ags. *wær*). 1951 *there—bere*. 328 *glad* (= *gled*)—*redd*.

*æ* has become *ay* by the vocalization of the following *g*: 25 *fayne—Torrayne*. 1025 *may—day*, *wy—laye*. 1071 *say—day*. 2029 *day—way*.

O.E. *ea* becomes *o* before *ld*: 303 *hold—bold, fold* (ags. *fōlde*)—*cold*. 422 *gold—mold, hold—told*.

*ea* has become *a*: 399 *PortynggaH—bale* (ags. *bealu*). 531 *care—far<sup>1</sup>* (ags. *cearu*). 1891 *ffure—care*.

*ea* has become *e*: 1166 *behehl—fild—sheld—weld* (ags. *weahlan*). 2359 *preste—breste* (ags. *beurst*).

O.E. *eo* has turned into *e*: 1166 *beheld—feld—sheld—weld*.

O.E. *ī* is preserved as *i* and *y*: 51 *knyght—nyght*. 307 *dyne—hym*. 1783 *myld—child*. Only once this vowel has changed into *e*: 714 *wret—get*. *i* rhymes with *e*: 3 *wynde—ende—lende—ffynde*.

O.E. *ō* is unaltered: 422 *gold—mold*. 1122 *gold—mold*.

O.E. *ũ* has become *o*: 367 *dore* (ags. *duru*)—*befor*<sup>1</sup>. 765 *Aragon*<sup>1</sup>—*son*<sup>1</sup>. 1257 *ouer com—Aragon*<sup>1</sup>. 1762 *com*<sup>1</sup>—*kynngdome*. 1801 *done—sonne* (ags. *sunu*). 2320 *sonne—dungeon*.

O.E. *ȳ*, the *i*-umlaut of *ũ*, has the value of *i*, written *i* or *y*: 390 *kysse—iwyssse*. 1564 *tūH—fullefyH*, *yH—wyH*. 1740 *evyH—fulle fyllē*. Only once it rhymes with *e*: 1484 *hyH* (= *heH*)—*yeH—be-feH—weH*, never with *u*.

## 2. LONG VOWELS.

O.E. *ā* is preserved in the following rhymes:<sup>1</sup> *a*. 39 *take—stroke* (= *strake*, ags. *strāc*), *spake—take*. 97 *sore—fare*. 103 *goos—takythe* (= *gas—tas*). 280 *wakyn*<sup>1</sup>—*tokyn*<sup>1</sup> (ags. *tācen*). 334 *care—sore*. 590 *fare—wher*, *hore—care*. 705 *fare—gere* (ags. *gār*). 788 *Iame—name*, *bone—schame*. 834 *ga—ma*. 977 *fare—bare*, *sare—chaffare*. 1143 *glade—rude*. 1238 *Cute—gate*, *bad—wott* (ags. *wāt*). 1251 *brod—made*; cf. 1303, 1306, 1501, 1526, 1604, 1612, 1663, 1669, 1825, 1911, 2178, 2356, 2617.

*b*. O.E. *ā* has changed into *o*: 16 *sone* (ags. *sunu*)—*gon*. 141 *rode—rode* (ags. *rōd—rād*). 195 *bon* (ags. *bān*)—*Rome*. 238 *vote* (ags. *wāt*)—*fote*. 654 *browz—goo*. 1062 *tho—do*. Cf. 1196, 1226, 1295, 1381, 1809, 1812, 1815, 2013, 2025, 2028, 2037, 2046, 2295, 2298, 2301, 2542. The result is, that in 26 cases old *ā* is preserved, in 22 cases changed into *ō*.

O.E. *ē* is turned into (1) *a*: 154 *were—fare*. 603 *f're—were*. 1020 *were—fare*. 2074 *care—ware*.

Into (2) *e*. 379 *dede* (ags. *dēd*)—*hed*. 1047 *were—chere*. 1053 *sped—lede* (ags. *lédan*). 1263 *stede—wede* (ags. *wēd*).

<sup>1</sup> The rhymes with *tane* and with *John* are not quoted, as these words occur also as *tone* and *Johan*; they are, therefore, of no use in fixing the sound of the *ā*.

Into (3) *o*. 1113 *mone* (ags. *mēnan*)—Aragon. 1384 *beffore*—*there—were*.

O.E. *ô* is preserved throughout: 73 *wode*—*good*. 112 *rode*—*blod*. 118 *Rome*—*kyrstendome*. 313 *done*—*sone*.

Before *g* the vowel *u* resp. *w* is inserted: 145 *browght*—*nourght*. 279 *browght*—*thowght*. 2053 *sought*—*brought*.

O.E. *ê* is preserved: 123 *kene*—*sene*. 743 *dede*—*sped*, *wode*. 1849 *wepe*—*slepe*. 2055 *grene*—*kene*. 2458 *be dene*—*wene*.

O.E. *î* is preserved as *y*: 196 *tyd*—*syd*. 325 *fyre*—*lyre*. 777 *wyse*—*deuyce*. 900 *ryde*—*syde*.

O.E. *û* is written *ou* resp. *ow* in the French way: 921 *renowne*—*townyn*. 978 *downe*—*renowne*. 1425 *nowe*—*roice*. 2634 *mouth*—*couth*. It has become *o*: 516 *rome*—*frome* (ags. *rûm*—*from*). Cf. 2641 *renoun*—*son*.

O.E. *eû* has become *e*: 1929 *grame*—*streme*, *Jerusalem*. 2554 *Jerusalem*—*streme* (ags. *streâm*).

O.E. *ê* has changed into *e*: 153 *be*—*hee*: 782 *fre*—*he*. 888 *tre*—*crystyanté*. 1643 *be*—*charité*. 1861 *ffre*—*cité*.

O.E. *ȳ* remains *y*: 1361 *pride*—*bedsyde*. 1433 *pryde*—*ryde*. 1473 *wyde*—*pride*. *ȳ* or *ê*, the *i*-umlaut of *eû* or *e*, is found as *e*: 63 *were*—*here* (ags. *hýran*). 235 *here*—*were*. 327 *sted*—*yed*, *nede*—*sped*. 408 *yede*—*ned*. 1552 *stede*—*nede*, *indede*.

### 3. THE INFLEXION.

The plural of the substantives terminates in (1) *s* resp. *ys*: 837 *ryghtys*—*knyghtes*. 1298 *stonys*—*nonys*.

(2) in *ɾ*: 458 *slon*—*appon*. 1116 *done*—*shone*. 1193 *shone*—*anon*, *done*.

(3) is formed by *i*-umlaut: *men* 1784, 2282, but 2197 *wan*—*men* (= *man*).

(4) has no inflexion: 651 *gere*—*spere*. 705 *far*—*gere*. 836 *hend*—*frende*, *sende*. 1173 *ffre*—*yere*. 1405 *hend*—*frend*. 1556 *stone*—*gone*. 2188 *were*—*yere*. 2194 *here*—*yere*. The inflexions of the adjectives have totally disappeared.

The infinitive ends in *-ne* or *n*, or has no termination at all.

(1) with *n*: 123 *kene—see* (= *sene*). 217 *ageyne—sayne*. 262 *fayne—slayne*. 489 *Mardelēyn—seyne*; 16 *sone—gon*.

(2) without *n*: 67 *sake—take*. 93 *kynd—fynd*. 148 *wake—stake*. 184 *so—goo*. 434 *Adolake—take*. 1062 *tho—do*. 1762 *me—se*.

The 2nd person sing. of the pres. ind. occurs only once in the rhyme, 1333 *tase—thou hase, tas—gas*.

The 3rd person sing. of the present indicative ends in *s*: 187 *tellys—ellys*. 2317 *rose—gose*. 558 *tellythe—elles* (The rhyme shows that *tellys* must be inserted; cf. 103 *gos—takythe*, and 858 *gothe—toke = gas—tas*.) Only once *th* occurs: 2047 *Nazareth—gethe* (ags. *gæd*). On this remarkable form see Zupitza, *Guy of Warwick*, note on l. 11075. The plural has no termination: 3 *wynde—ende—lende*.

The *subjunctive* mood has no inflexions: 70 *sped—stede*, 3rd pers. 87 *blynd—wynde*, 3rd pers. 213 *fyld—schyld*, 3rd pers. 416 *sey—may*, 2nd pers. sg. 584 *feld—schyld*, 3rd pers. sg. 1978 *saue—haue*; but observe 139 *stone—none* and 1839 *sene—grene*.

The *present participle* ends usually in *-ande* (*oude*): 13 *londe—wonande*. 127 *fonde—growonde*. 315 *levand—bond*. 352 *stand—lygand*. 358 *endyrstond—levand*. 1128 *stond—shynd*. 1280 *fayland—lond*. 1445 *fleand—waraunt*. 1452 *ffand—goand*. 1821 *lond—wepand*. 1899 *lond—pleyand*. 2104 *hond—levand*. Thrice *-yng* is found: 268 *kyng—dwellyng*, 1638 and 2568.

The *gerund* terminates always in *ing* (*yng*): 1479 *kyng—ryding*. 1503 *comyng—kyng*. 1933 *ryng—lettyng*. 2509 *kyng—lesyng*.

Observe the 2nd pers. sing. of a past tense, 1589 *thou cam<sup>n</sup>—slan<sup>n</sup>*, of a praeterito-praesens, 410 *they—sey, thou may*. 1543 *away—aye, may*. 2001 *may—welaway*.

The *past participle* of strong verbs terminates in *n*: 482 *syne—schene, wene—clene*. 675 *slayne—rayne*. 800 *slayne—trayne*. 1292 *fayn<sup>n</sup>—slayn<sup>n</sup>*. 1562 *sene—wene*. 2323 *alone—stone*. We don't find one certain instance for the dropping of this *n*, besides 1678 and 2063 *be*.

The *past tense plural* of strong verbs has the same vowel as the singular: 1452 They *ffound* (r. *ffand*)—*goand*. 1458 *began*—*gentilman*. 1753 *tong*—*long*.

The 3rd pers. of the present indic. of *to be* = *ys* or *es*: cf. 738 *blyse*—*ys*. 2413 *ys*—*Raynes*. Once *ys* is found as plural: 2524 *ys*—*iwys*. The *present subjunctive* is *be* through all persons: 208 *be*—*me*, 2nd pers. 614 *be*—*se*, 3rd pers. 884 *the*—*bee*, 3rd pers. 2017 *be*—*me*, 2nd pers. plr. The infinitive *be* and *bene*: 49 *the*—*bee*. 483 *be*—*see*. 1643 *be*—*charite*. 903 *the*—*bee*. 1833 *clene*—*bene*. 2161 *quene*—*bene*. 2613 *bene*—*kene*. The *past tense singular* number is *was* or *wes*: 247 *alas*—*wase*. 426 *glase*—*was*. 771 *pase*—*wase*. 1873 *wylhernes*—*was* (= *wes*). The plural *were*, *ware*, *wore*, as well as *was*, *wes*: (1) l. 402 *wer*—*cher*. 1047 *were*—*chere*. 1845 *were*—*ffere*. 2586 *squire*—*were*, *here*—*clere*. (2) 603 *fare*—*were*. 2494 *ware*—*bure*. 1384 *beffore*—*there*, *were* (= *wore*). (3) 384 *pase*—*wase*. 1388 *passe*—*was*. (4) 2026 *wildernes*—*was* (= *wes*). 2545 *wildernes*—*was*; cf. l. 2584. The subjunctive mood of the past tense is *were* and *ware*, in sgl. and plr.: 225 *were*—*clere*. 235 *here*—*were*. 1696 *chere*—*were*. 2476 *were*—*bere*. 154 *were* (= *ware*)—*fare*. 1020 *wer* (= *ware*)—*fare*. 2074 *care*—*ware*. The past participle: 7 *bedene*—*ben*. 172 *byne*—*seyn*. 2344 *ibene*—*kene*. 1678 *be*—*crystiaunte*.

From this inquiry into the sounds and inflexions, the following conclusions can be drawn:

The development of *ǣ* is of no use in fixing the dialect. Nor is *ea*, which has become *a*, *o*, and *e*, to be deemed a characteristic either of the Midland or Northern dialect. Ags. *ea* occurs as *o* as early as 1250 in the *Northumbrian Psalter*, and 50 years afterwards in *Sir Tristrem* and *Sir Perceval*; even Richard Rolle in his *Pricke of Conscience* offers one instance of this change (cf. *Sir Tristrem*, p. lxxix f.).

The development of the ags. *á*, which we find in 26 passages as *a*, in 22 as *o*, is remarkable. There are only a very few instances of this change in *Sir Tristrem*, p. lxxi, and in the *Psalter*; and this almost equal number of *a*- and *o*-rhymes proves evidently that the poem cannot belong to a Northern country. At the same time, a pro-

portion like that would be impossible in a text of Southern origin. The same negative result is to be derived from the fact that Ags. *y* is always written *y*.

As to the inflexions, the plurals of the substantives are formed by adding *-s* or *-n* (*en*), or by vowel change, or they have no inflexions at all. As for the inflexion *-n*, it only occurs in *slou* and *shon*, and of this very word the plural in *n* is to be met with even in Northern writers.

The infinitives both preserve or drop the final *n*, as is the rule with the Midland dialect; the form of the past participle with *n* accords with the use of the Northern writers.

The present partic. ending in *-and* and the past tense plurals of strong verbs having adopted the vowel of the singular, agree with the North as well as with the northern districts of the Midland, in the same way as some forms of *to be*: plur. pres. *ys* and plur. prt. *was*, besides the usual forms *be* and *are*, resp. *were* and *ware*, and the contracted forms of *take*: 758 *name—tane*. 1095 *gane—itanē*. 1825 *ta—twa* (cf. 231, 286, 859, 1333, 1475, 1722, 1733, 2617).

The forms *thou has* and *thou may* point to the West.

The inflexions of the 3rd pers. pres. sg. are *-th* and *-s*. In the western part of the Midland we never meet with the ending *th*, but only with *s*. In *Amis and Amiloun*, the Eastern origin of which seems to be sure, only the inflexion *-ep* is found in the rhyme (*Amis*, p. xxx ff.).

The romance of *Sir Torrent* seems to be the first document hitherto considered where both these forms occur, one by the side of the other. Perhaps this fact justifies us in concluding that this poem was composed in the east, but on the borders of the west, Midland.

#### § 4. THE CONTENTS OF THE ROMANCE.

Before entering on an inquiry into the sources of the romance, it may be expedient to give a short account of its contents.

In Portugal once reigned a mighty king, whose name was Calamond. He had an only daughter, the fair and gentle Desonelle, who was loved by a young knight called Torrent, son of a Portuguese



count. As he could not win her, save by distinguishing himself by valiant exploits, he undertook several adventurous expeditions. First he set out, by the order of the king, against a mischievous and dangerous giant, whom he found lying fast asleep on a hill. He roused the giant by sounding his bugle, and challenged him to fight. Instantly a fierce combat ensued, in which the awkward giant lost his life. In the giant's castle the young hero delivered a maiden, Eleonore, daughter of the king of Gales, from captivity, and rescued at the same time four princes, whom the giant had taken some time before and imprisoned in an iron cage.

After a short rest Torrent returned into Portugal. He was kindly received by King Calamond, and splendid festivities were celebrated in his honour. The kings of Gales and of Provence showed their gratitude by bestowing on him rich presents, among them a precious sword wrought by Wayland Smith. Desonelle gave him one of her fine palfreys. Calamond, however, shrewd as he was, and envious of the hero's fame, plotted his ruin. He caused him, by a counterfeit letter of Desonelle, to catch her a falcon in the forest of Maudlen, which was the haunt of a dangerous giant, Rochense, and of many wild beasts. Torrent and his squire set out immediately, but separated on entering the forest, to hunt in the thicket each by himself. Torrent soon encountered a huge dragon, and killed it by vehement strokes. The squire, having meanwhile fallen in with the giant, had been slain by him. The hero, called to the place by the tumult of battle, attacked the giant, and overcame him after a hard struggle. He cut off his head to bear with him as a trophy. He then went into the giant's castle, where he found a great many jewels, and a bright sword called Mownpolyard. Having returned to the royal court, he ordered five priests to say masses for his squire's soul. At this very time it happened that the king of Arragon sent messengers to the king of Portugal, in order to bring about a marriage between Desonelle and his youngest son. Calamond would not listen to the advice of his spouse, that he should no longer refuse Desonelle to Torrent, but he promised her to the prince of Arragon, and at the same time sent the hero once more against a giant, Slogus of Foulles in Calabre.

Torrent departed well armed, and after a prosperous voyage arrived in Calabre. There he soon met the giant, who was one-eyed like the Cyclops, and bore a huge cudgel as his only weapon. Torrent threw his spear into the fiend's eye, and thus overcame him without any long struggle. The king of Calabre graciously welcomed the hero, and largely rewarded him for the service he had rendered his country. Having returned into Portugal, Torrent heard that in a few weeks Desonelle was to be married to the prince of Arragon. Arrayed in knightly dress, he rode right off to Calamond's court, and challenged his rival to fight. After a short struggle he completely vanquished his antagonist, stretching him on the ground. The next

day, as the king, surrounded by his noble guests, banqueted in the great hall of the castle, Torrent entered with the giant's head in his hand, and harshly demanded the king's daughter; he called all the lords to witness of Calamond's perfidy.

The Emperor of Rome now interceded, and it was agreed at his suggestion that Torrent should fight once more against a giant named Cate; if he vanquished that adversary, he should obtain Desonelle and half Arragon. On an isle near the sea-shore the struggle began in presence of the assembled knights. Torrent struck the club out of the giant's hand, put him to flight, and killed him as he ran away, casting stones at him. Then the Emperor decided, with the approbation of all his knights, that the hero had won both the land and the maiden.

Torrent obtained Desonelle, and rejoiced in the possession of her, but no solemn marriage was performed.

Twelve weeks after, he left his spouse, impelled by his venturous and ambitious mind; for the king of Norway asked him to fight against a wild giant who had carried off his daughter and was destroying his castles. Torrent bade his mistress farewell, leaving her two golden rings as talismans, and set off with fifty companions. Arrived at the coast of Norway, he and his companions entered a dense forest, in which a great many wild beasts lived. His companions, seized with fear, parted from him, and continued their voyage at sea. They told the king of Norway the false tale that Torrent had perished on shore. The king then set out himself to rescue his daughter. Torrent meanwhile encountered a giant named Weraunt, Cate's brother, and slew him in a hard struggle, but was himself wounded. In the giant's castle he saved Gendres, daughter of the Norwegian king, and conducted her to her father. On the road they were met by a large train of gallant knights, and were then conveyed in triumph to the king's court. There Torrent soon recovered from his wounds, and was amply rewarded with honours and presents. He stayed above twelve months at the Norwegian court. The false companions of Torrent were drowned in the sea by the king's command, but one squire escaped to Portugal, and reported the tidings that Torrent yet remained in Norway. Soon after, as Desonelle was delivered of twins, the hatred of Calamond suddenly broke out against her. By his order, Desonelle and her two children were put to sea in a small boat; but a favourable wind saved them from ruin, and drove the boat upon the coast of Palestine. As she, helpless, wandered about the downs, a huge dragon (griffin or gripe) appeared, and seized one of her children, and immediately after a wild leopard dragged away the other. With submission she suffered her miserable fate, relying on the help of the Holy Virgin.

The king of Jerusalem, just returning from a voyage, happened to find the leopard with the child, which he ordered to be saved and delivered to him. Seeing from the foundling's golden ring that the



child was of noble descent, and pitying its helpless state, he took it into his palace, and brought him up as his own son (as it were) at his court. The child was named Leobertus.

The dragon or gripe with the other child was seen by a pious hermit, St. Antony, who, though son of the king of Greece, had in his youth forsaken the world. Through his prayer St. Mary made the dragon put down the infant; Antony carried him to his father, who adopted him and ordered him to be baptized. He was named Antony tice Greffoun (Antony, son of the griffin or gripe).

Desonelle wandered up and down, after the loss of her children, till she happened to meet the king of Nazareth hunting. He, recognizing her as the king of Portugal's daughter, gave her a kind welcome and assistance. At his court she lived several years in happy retirement. Torrent returned at length into Portugal, notwithstanding all the entreaties of the Norwegian king that he would dwell in Norway somewhat longer. At his arrival, King Calamond took refuge in his stronghold, and greeted him from thence with scornful words. Torrent, after having summoned his friends from Arragon, Provence, and Calabre, conquered the castle, and took Calamond prisoner. The traitor was sent out to sea in a leaky boat, and perished.

In his stead, Torrent was elected king by all the noblemen of the empire, and took the crown. But forty days after this, he quitted his realm, having intrusted two knights with its government, and passed to the Holy Land at the head of a large force. There he fought fifteen years against the infidels, conquered several towns, and got immeasurable treasures as booty. The king of Jerusalem, hearing about Torrent's deeds, and anxious for his own security, sent his son Leobertus, with an army of 50,000 men, against Torrent. A pitched battle began, but it was for a long time doubtful to which side victory would incline, till at last the two chiefs encountered. The son vanquishing his father decided the fate of the battle. Torrent was conveyed as a prisoner to Jerusalem, and thrown into a dungeon. There he lay above a year, till he was once overheard complaining his misfortunes by his son, who, touched with pity, prevailed upon the king to set Torrent at liberty. In this new state Torrent soon found an opportunity to show his valour and skill in arms, when a grand tournament was held at Jerusalem. There he proved sole victor over all the knights, and got the chief prize. The king of Nazareth, who had assisted at this joust, telling his folk at home who had won the prize, described the arms and escutcheon of the valiant knight. By these Desonelle recognized her beloved spouse. At her request the king called princes and knights from all parts of the world to a great tournament. The kings of Jerusalem, Greece, Leobertus, Antony tice Greffoun, and Torrent answered the call. Before an illustrious assembly of mighty princes and noble ladies, all of whom were surpassed by Desonelle in beauty and grace, the tour-

nament began. Leobertus and Antony excelled in it, but the chief was Torrent, who performed wonders in the joust, vanquishing all valiant adversaries. The next morning Desonelle could no longer brook reserve, and was about to discover herself to Torrent; but overwhelmed with joy she fainted, when she had scarcely uttered the first words of greeting. It was not till midday that she was able to tell Torrent and the other knights her fates and those of her children. Then parents and children passionately embraced on recognizing each other. At Torrent's request, all of them, with the kings of Nazareth, Jerusalem, and Greece, and many attendants, sailed for Portugal. There the nuptials of Torrent with Desonelle were celebrated with a great round of splendid festivities. Torrent was finally elected Emperor of Rome, and reigned a long time gloriously. He lies there buried in a fair abbey.

A benediction finishes the romance.

If we take a survey of the poem, we shall recognize in its conception a harmonious plan and a certain unity of action, which, as in most of the romances, is founded on the hero and the interest he affects us with (See Ten Brink, *Engl. Literat.*, I. p. 317). In the centre of the action is placed Torrent's love of Desonelle; for all the various combats that he undertakes against dragons and giants, against the prince of Arragon and King Calamound, are undertaken solely to gain him Desonelle. Even his expedition against the infidels and the fighting with his son are designed by Providence to make him find again his lost love. Halliwell (Preface, p. vii), therefore, is not right in deeming the romance 'a rambling poem of adventures without much plot.' The length and tediousness of the episodes may have prevented him from recognizing the unity of the whole. At the same time, however, it must be admitted that the poem cannot rank with the masterpieces of romantic poetry written in the same metre, like *Amis and Amiloun*, *Iponadon*, *Kyng of Tars*, *Octavian*, either in the invention of plot or in the dissection of passions. The diction is so swelled with stereotyped phrases, and so surfeited with trivialities, that we may justly suppose the poem to have been composed at a period when romantic poetry had passed its best time, and had begun to decay. As to the authorship of the poem, it was probably composed by a monk. It is an easy thing to show peculiarities in the course of the story which are essentially monkish. As the romance begins and ends with a benediction, in

the same way each deed and each adventure of the hero is introduced and finished by long prayers. Moreover, the poet points frequently to a direct interposition of Heaven (ll. 675, 1568, 1948); he describes the anguish and sorrow that Desonelle feels about her children's baptism (ll. 1892—1896 and 2074—76); he mentions emphatically Communion and Confession (1272 and 2139), Masses (756 and 813); he finally praises the Emperor for founding churches and abbeys (l. 2658). On the other side, we find very few of those marks which characterize the works of minstrels: the poet seldom predicts the fates of his heroes to excite the attention of his auditors; he mentions only by the way the performances of the gleemen, and nowhere speaks of the rewards that they get.

Passing to a special inquiry into the origin of the story of Torrent, I cannot persuade myself that it is of the poet's own invention, as that would be the only instance of a Middle-English romance not being taken from foreign originals (except, of course, Chaucer's *Sir Thopas*, which was written to ridicule this whole branch of poetry), whilst slight alterations or additions were frequently introduced by the translators. A French original of the romance is supposed by Halliwell to have existed (Preface, vi). He says, 'It is probably, like the second copy of the romance of Horn, a modernized version of an older English romance, which was itself translated from the French. I have not been able to discover any traces of the French original, but there are some singular allusions to its origin in the poem itself. I allude to the frequent references to the *Book of Rome*.<sup>1</sup> This term was applied to the French language, in which most of the old romances were originally written.' As for me, I don't think that we can much rely upon references of this kind, because they are common to all of these Middle-English romances. Of a somewhat greater weight is perhaps the fact that one or two of the proper names are French; and even the oath, 'par l'amour de dieu,' is worth mentioning. After all, there is no evident proof as to the French origin. But there is no doubt that

<sup>1</sup> On this term see *Octavian*, ed. Sarrazin, p. xxxviii.

the story of Torrent in its principal features—the adversities of a family separated by misfortunes, the mother robbed of her children by wild beasts, at last united again—proceeded from the old Eustache legend.<sup>1-2</sup> Therewith another motive is combined, that of the woman innocently condemned, on which motive a large stock of legends is founded; for instance, those of Crescentia, Sibilla, Oliva, Genovefa, Griseldis and Octavian legends. Upon this motive and its old origin from India, see Streve, ‘The Octavian legend,’ *Erlangen Dissert.*, 84.

I will consider first the legend of Eustache in its original version. According to the Greek Martyr Acts, which were probably composed in the eighth century, this saint was before his baptism a captain of Trajan, named Placidus. As he one day hunted in the forest, the Saviour appeared to him between the antlers of a hart, and converted him. Placidus changed his name into Eustache, when he was baptized with his wife and sons. God announced to him by an angel his future martyrdom. Eustache was afflicted by dreadful calamities, lost all his estate, and was compelled to go abroad as a beggar with his wife and his children. As he went on board a ship bound for Egypt, his wife was seized by the shipmaster and carried off. Soon after, when Eustache was travelling along the shore, his two children were borne away by a lion and a leopard. Eustache then worked for a long time as a journeyman, till he was discovered by the Emperor Trajan, who had sent out messengers for him, and called him to his court. Reappointed captain, Eustache undertook an expedition against the Dacians. During this war he found his wife in a cottage as a gardener,—the shipmaster had fallen dead to

<sup>1</sup> See Warton’s opinion upon the legendary origin of many romances, *History of Engl. Poetry*, London, 1824, I. p. ccxlv: ‘Many romances were at first little more than legends of devotion, containing the pilgrimage of an old warrior. At length, as chivalry came into vogue, the youthful and active part of the pilgrim’s life was also written. The penitent changed into the knight-errant.’ Sometimes, of course, the opposite change may have taken place, as for instance is probably the case with the story of the two faithful friends, Amis and Amiloun (cf. Koelbing, *Amis*, p. lxxx), and with the story of Robert the Devil (cf. *Sir Gorther*, ed. Breul, p. 74).

<sup>2</sup> See the edition of *The worthie Hystorie of Placidus*, 1566, by H. H. Gibbs, for the Roxburghe Club, 1873.

the ground as he ventured to touch her,—and in the same cottage he found again his two sons as soldiers: herdsmen had rescued them from the wild beasts, and brought them up. Glad was their meeting again! But as they returned to Rome, they were all burnt in a glowing bull of brass by the Emperor's order, because they refused to sacrifice to the heathen gods.

This legend, which reminds us at once of the story of Job, has been incorporated in almost all mediæval collections of legends, and upon it are founded some mediæval poems, which are enumerated by H. Knust in his splendid work *Dos Obras Didácticas y dos Leyendas*, Madrid, 1878; cf. R. Köhler, *Zeitschrift für rom. phil.* III, p. 272 ff., Varnhagen, *Anglia*, III, p. 399 ff.; two latin versions are edited by the same, *Zeitschrift für deutsches Alterthum* XXIV, p. 241 ff., and XXV, p. 1 ff.

English legends of Eustache are to be found

(1) In Ælfric's *Passiones Martyrum*; see Horstmann, *Altenglische Legenden*, Second series, Heilbronn, 1881, p. xli.

(2) In the South-English collection. *l. c.* p. xlviii.

(3) In the Northern collection, pp. lxi and lxiv. Herrig's *Archiv*, 57, p. 262 ff.

(4) In the Scottish collection of legends, said to be Barbour's. Cf. Barbour's *Legendensammlung*, ed. C. Horstmann, Heilbronn, 82, ii, p. 12.

(5) In the old Engl. translation of the *Legenda aurea*, see Horstm., *l. c.*, p. cxxxv. Caxton's edition of the legend, No. 196.

(6) The complete text of the legend printed in Horstmann's above-mentioned collection, *Altengl. Legendensamm.*, p. 211 ff.

(7) *St. Eustas*, by I. Partridge, see Gibbs' above-mentioned edition, and Horstm., *l. c.* p. 472 ff.

With this legend are connected, more or less, the following poems, which it is necessary to speak of in turn:

(1) The Pseudo-Chrestien epic poem, *Guillaume d'Engleterre*.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Guill. d'Engleterre*, ed. Fr. Michel, *Chron. Anglo-Norm.*, III, 39—172. On the authorship of this poem see C. Hofmann, *Sitzungsberichte der Münch. Akad.*, 1870, II, p. 51, and P. Meyer, *Romania*, VIII, p. 315 f.



(2) The two Middle High German poems, *Die gute Frau*,<sup>1</sup> and (3) *Der Graf von Savoyen*.<sup>2</sup>

(4) The romances of *Isumbras*; (5) of *Octavian*; (6) last, *Syr Eglamour of Artois*, and (7) *Sir Torrent of Portugal*.

The first five have been treated by Holland in his book, *Chrestien de Troies*, Tübingen, 1854.

According to Holland's opinion, all of these are derived from the legend of Eustache. He has not exactly inquired into each of them, but restricts himself to a detailed account of their contents. A critical inquiry into these poems, except the romance of *Octavian*, has been recently published by J. Steinbach: *Der einfluss des Crestien de Troies auf die altenglische literatur*. Leipzig, 1886, p. 41 ff. As to the French and the two German poems, it may be sufficient to refer to this exhaustive essay, since it is only by the same legendary origin that they are connected with *Sir Torrent*; otherwise they are quite different.

But of the English romances of *Sir Isumbras* and of *Octavian* it is necessary to treat more minutely. *Isumbras* was edited first by Utterson in his *Select Pieces of Early Popular Poetry*, London, 1817; secondly by Halliwell in *The Thornton Romances*, from the Lincoln MS. A. i. 17. A critical edition of this poem has long been promised by Prof. Zupitza.

In this romance the legend of Eustache can be most clearly recognized. Its contents are, indeed, somewhat transformed according to the taste of the later Middle Ages: the Roman captain is changed into a Christian knight, who performs wonders in fighting against the infidels; he finds his wife as queen of a heathen country; they end their lives as mighty princes, and so on. The legendary style has been supplanted by the romantic diction,<sup>3</sup> but the leading features remain the same. In his above-mentioned essay,

<sup>1</sup> *Die gute Frau*, ed. E. Sommer in Haupt's *Zeitschrift für deutsches Alterthum*, II. 389.

<sup>2</sup> *Der Graf v. Savoyen*, ed. F. H., v. d. Hagen, *Minnesinger*, IV. 640, and Eschenburg, *Denkmäler altdeutscher Dichtkunst*, Bremen, 1799.

<sup>3</sup> On this text see Sarrazin, *Octav.*, p. xlv; he speaks of "die entstellte, spielmannsmässig zersungene Form, in der die Thornton Ms uns die legende überliefert. . . . dasselbe Pathos, dieselbe Sentimentalität und Frömmerei, aber auch dieselbe anschauliche und lebhaftige Erzählungsweise (sc. as in Oct.)."

pp. 46—48, Steinbach concludes, from a detailed comparison of the contents, that the author of *Isumbras* did not derive his story from the epic poem, *Guillaume d'Engleterre*, but from an original which bore a still greater resemblance to the legend of Eustache, and, at the same time, contained many of those additions which are to be found in all versions of the legend. Whether this original was composed in Latin, French, or Anglo-Norman, Steinbach does not pretend to determine.

To *Isumbras* I join a few remarks on the romance of *Octavian*, which was edited by Halliwell for the Percy Society, *The Romance of the Emperor Octavian*, London, 1844; and by Sarrazin, *Zwei mittelhochl. Versionen der Octaviansage*, in Koelbing's *Altengl. Bibliothek*, Band III. As for its contents, cf. Sarrazin, as above, p. xviii ff. Concerning the origin of the story, he agrees in general with Holland, only he shows a still nearer connection between *Isumbras* and *Octavian*, taking the former for a mere imitation of the latter. This opinion, however, cannot be proved. As I cannot enter into detail, I only observe that the contents of *Octavian* are a great deal more complicated and copious than those of *Isumbras*, which is simple in its plot and style, and shows the nearest resemblance to the old Eustache legend, whilst *Octavian* is a refined and adorned version of the legendary tale with considerable change in the plan. *Isumbras*, of course, bears a strict resemblance to Eustache, but not to the Emperor Octavian, who has but little of the character of a suffering saint, as he does not become an outlaw himself, nor is to lose his earthly goods. Even those of his adventures which are conformable to the original—the separation from his family, the rape of the children, the final reunion—are exhibited in a different manner.

The principal contents of the romance of *Octavian* bear internal evidence of its later origin, as it treats chiefly of the adventures and exploits of Florent, Octavian's son; especially in the second half of the story, exploits of Florent so prevail that the romance might justly bear his name on the title instead of his father's. I therefore believe that Sarrazin's opinion, that *Isumbras* is nothing but a bad imitation of *Octavian*, is wrong; and I am rather inclined to think the two poems were composed independently from each

other, after French originals, as is evidently the case with *Octavian*, and probably with *Isumbras*. See Halliwell, *Thornt. Rom.*, p. xviii. Sarrazin, moreover, supposes, p. xlv, both poems to be due to the same author, in consequence of the conformity of the dialect and style, and of some literal coincidences. But the fact that both of these romances are written in the same dialect is not sufficient to prove the identity of the authors, nor is the style, which is nearly stereotyped in all of these romances. As to the literal coincidences, only three of the nine passages quoted by Sarrazin seem to me to be of any importance. See *Octavian*, notes on ll. 382, 397, 481. But even these only show that the writer of *Octavian* knew *Isumbras*, or *vice versâ*.

As to the relation between *Octavian* and our poem, these two romances have no other affinity than the same legendary origin, and the motive of the woman innocently persecuted, which may very well have been introduced independently by two different authors. In all other particulars they are quite different.

The heroes bear little resemblance to their legendary models; in *Octavian* the Emperor of Rome; in *Torrent* the young, hardy knight who encounters marvellous struggles to win the hand of his spouse. Also in the treatment of the other motive, each romance has taken its own course. In *Octavian*, Florence is calumniated by her mother-in-law; in *Torrent*, Desonelle is persecuted by her father. The causes are consequently quite different: there the jealousy of the mother-in-law against the mighty Empress; here Calamond's hatred against Torrent. These differences, now only alluded to, cause a great number of others, and produce a general difference of the two poems, which renders the opinion of a nearer connection between them altogether illusory.

Of all the poems mentioned above, the last, *Syr Eglamour of Artois*, is most nearly related to *Sir Torrent*, a fact found out by Halliwell,<sup>1</sup> who, however, thought that there was no necessity for

<sup>1</sup> *The Thornton Romances*, p. xxii f. 'The romance of *Torrent* is partly founded upon the story related in *Sir Eglamour*. The names are changed, but the resemblance is too striking to have been the result of chance. The treachery of the sovereign, the prowess of the knight, the indiscretions and misfortunes of the lady, and the happy conclusion of her misfortunes, these



him to prove a similarity which would be at once detected by the reader; still, he takes it for certain that the romance of *Torrent* is younger than and partly founded on *Sir Eglamour*. As he gives no proof for this opinion, it will be worth while to enter once more into this question, in order to see whether he is right or not.

Upon it, the MSS. do not help us. The earliest MS. that can have contained *Sir Eglamour* is the parchment one of the Duke of Sutherland,<sup>1</sup> written about the end of the 14th century. The other four MSS. of it<sup>2</sup> are still later. The only MS. of *Sir Torrent* belongs to the 15th century, so that neither of these romances can be traced very far back.

*Sir Eglamour* was printed several times in the beginning of the 16th century, and edited anew by Halliwell from the Cambridge MS. in his well-known collection. To judge from the numerous readings of the Lincoln, Cotton, and Cambridge MSS. which he has quoted, the Lincoln MS. shows best the original dialect, and offers in several passages a reading preferable as to rhyme and meaning.<sup>3</sup> Even slight differences in the contents occur now and then.<sup>4</sup>

The metre and probably the dialect are the same in both romances; they are composed in the tail-rhymed twelve-line stanzas, and written in a North Midland dialect. In both of them the style is alike swelled with the habitual phrases; only the long prayers and pious reflections so frequent in *Torrent* are not to be met with in *Eglamour*. On the other hand, the poet is wont to predict the fates of his heroes (ll. 204, 951); he often demands attention (ll. 15, 39, 343, 634, 904); he never omits, in describing the festivals, to mention the performances of the minstrels, and to praise the liberality of the lords. These characteristics render it probable that the author of *Eglamour* was a minstrel, not a clerk or monk, as I suppose the author of *Sir Torrent* to be.

form the leading incidents of each romance . . . there is, perhaps, a secret history attached to the source of these romances that remains to be unravelled.'

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Koelling's *Englische Studien*, vii. p. 191 ff.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. *The Thornton Romances*, p. xxv ff., and p. xxxvi.

<sup>3</sup> See the following passages which Halliwell has quoted in the notes: *Eglam.* 54, 96, 107, 111, 122, 128, 139, 153, 177, 195, 213, 247, 337, 347, 399, 415, 572, 605, 614, 737, 740, 765, 858, 883, 945, 985, 1081, 1143, 1206, 1216.

<sup>4</sup> See *Eglamour*, notes on ll. 1064, 1082, 1267.

I now pass on to compare the contents of the two poems. The principal features of the plot are the same in both. A young knight who seeks the hand of a princess engages to win her by valiant exploits. The princess's father opposes his wooing, jealous as he is of the hero's renown. The knight vanquishes all the giants and other monsters against which he is told to fight, and at length gains his spouse. A few weeks after their marriage, he sets out again on adventurous expeditions. While he stays abroad, his wife is delivered of twins. Her father sends her to sea in a leaky boat; she lands on a foreign shore, where her children are carried off by wild beasts; but they are saved in a marvellous manner, and brought up at royal courts, whilst she herself lives for a long time at a foreign court. As the hero, when he comes home again, doesn't find her, he goes into the Holy Land to fight with the infidels. After various adventures he finds his wife and children after a tournament at a foreign court. They return home gladly, and celebrate their nuptials by great festivals. The cruel father is duly punished.

On entering into details, however, we find considerable discrepancies between the two romances. First, the names are altogether different. (Eglamour = Torrent. Crystyabelle = Desonelle. Prynsmour = Calamond. Organata = Gendres. Degrabelle = Antony fice Greffoun.) The stage of the plot is in *Eglamour* Artois, Rome, and Egypt; in *Torrent* Portugal, Norway, and Calabre. Only the Holy Land is mentioned in both. There the children are carried off by wild beasts, saved by princes and brought up; there the hero fights against the infidels.

The differences of the plot itself are the following:

1. Eglamour confesses his love to Crystyabelle before his deeds; a squire is the go-between in his suit; Eglamour finds love in return. In *Torrent* Desonelle does not know that she is adored by the hero till after his first exploit. See ll. 109, 448.

2. Accordingly, Eglamour, setting out on adventures, receives two greyhounds and a sword of St. Paul from Crystyabelle as presents, whereas Torrent gets an ambler from his lady love, but not till after his first deed.

3. Prynsmour charges Eglamour with three deeds by which he

is to gain Crystyabelle. Torrent is obliged to undertake not less than five combats.

4. In *Torrent* the combats of the hero are enlarged and adorned by additions not to be found in *Eglamour*. The latter does not release the daughters and sons of kings, nor does he find precious swords in the castles of the giants, nor is he deceived by a king's counterfeit letter, which causes Torrent a dangerous struggle and the rivalry of a foreign prince. Only in *Eglamour* (ll. 40—48) some knights are mentioned who came to win Crystyabelle by jousting, but were all vanquished by Eglamour.

The greatest differences are found in the second halves of the stories.

5. Crystyabelle has one child by Eglamour; Desonelle has two by Torrent.

6. Crystyabelle is driven away into Egypt, where she is graciously received by the king. Desonelle finds refuge in the court of the king of Nazareth.

7. Degrabelle, the son of Crystyabelle, is saved and brought up by the king of Israel; the sons of Desonelle by the kings of Greece and Jerusalem.

8. The father of Crystyabelle is not punished like Calamond in *Torrent*, immediately after the hero's return, but he dies at the end of the poem, throwing himself down from the battlements.

9. Degrabelle is sent, when fifteen years old, into Egypt by his adoptive father to sue for a spouse. In a joust he gains the hand of his mother and marries her. On the very wedding-day the mother recognizes her son by his escutcheon, and the marriage is instantly dissolved. Quite differently does the story run in *Sir Torrent*. Leobertus, fifteen years old, marches by order of the king of Jerusalem against his father, and takes him prisoner, but at length solicits his release.

10. The tournament, which in both poems compasses the reunion of the separated family, is brought on in a different manner. In *Eglamour* Degrabelle himself proposes the hand of his mother as the prize in the next tournament, to which his father comes. In *Torrent* Desonelle, hearing of the victories of the strange knight, supposes

him to be her spouse from his arms, and at her request a tournament is arranged. (Her hand seems to have been likewise the prize, as may be gleaned from l. 2440)

11. At the very end of the poems two slight differences are to be noted: in *Eglamour*, Degrabelle marries Organata, daughter of the king of Sidon, whereas the sons of Torrent return into Greece and Jerusalem. *Eglamour* is crowned prince of Artois; Torrent is elected Emperor of Rome.

From this comparison we may conclude that *Torrent* is not directly founded upon *Eglamour*, or *vice versâ*; the differences are too great to justify the supposition that either is drawn from the other. Especially is the opinion of Halliwell, which I mentioned above, to be rejected: *Sir Torrent* cannot be founded on *Sir Eglamour*, simply because it agrees more closely with the old legendary tale than *Syr Eglamour* does, and has preserved some essential features not to be found in *Eglamour*, in which these are supplanted by others. Desonelle, for instance, has two children according to the old legend, Crystyabelle one; Torrent must fight and suffer in heathen lands like Eustache, whereas *Eglamour* appears as a mere knight-errant. Further, neither in the Eustache legend nor in *Torrent* do we find the history of the son who marries his mother, which motive the poet may have taken from the legend of Pope Gregory, or perhaps from the tale of *Syr Degaré*.

But how can the resemblance of the leading features and the discrepancies in particulars be explained? I think the most probable conjecture is, that an old poem, now lost, existed, with which the authors of *Sir Eglamour* and of *Sir Torrent* were acquainted; but not having a MS. of it, or knowing it by heart, both of them made up their minds to rewrite the story in a well-known metre, changing, omitting, adding whatever they liked, even filling up the gaps in their memories by invention. Both of them recollected the first half of the story better than the second.

That this poem was an English one seems to be shown by a good many verbal coincidences in both poems; these I accordingly suppose to have belonged to the lost original. They are, indeed, too frequent to be counted simply amongst the large stock of conventional

phrases which are to be met with in every poem of this kind. Here they are:—

*Eglamour.*

The boke of Rome thus can telle, 408,  
561, 886  
Ther ys a jeaunt here besyde, 478  
That sorowe doyth ferre and wyde.  
On us and odor moo.  
And alle prayed for that knyght. 573  
Alle that in the cyté ware. 598  
Alle that cuntrey was fulle fayne. 640  
That he homeward was comyn ageyne.  
Aftur sopur, as y yow telle,  
He wendyd to chaumber with Crysty-  
abelle. 670, 671  
That lady was not for to hyde, 673-75  
She sett hym on hur beddys syde,  
And welcomyd home that knyght.  
So graciously he come hur tylle, 679  
Of poyntes of armys he schewyd hur  
hys fylle, 680  
That there they dwellyd alle nyzt.  
A golde ryng y schalle geve the, 715  
Kepe yt wele my lady free.  
Yf Cryste sende the a chyld! 717  
Doughtur, into the see schalt thou, 803  
Yn a schypp alone,  
And that bastard that to the ys dere!  
Sche prayed hur gentylwomen so free,  
Grete wele my lord, whon ye hym  
see! 826, 827  
Hur yonge sone away he bare. 842  
Thys chyld ys comyn of gentylle  
blode,  
Where that ever that he was tane. 863  
Kepe we thys lady whyte as flowre,  
And speke we of syr Eglyllamowre. 950  
The knyght swownyd in that tyde. 975  
Be the XV yerys were comyn and gone,  
The chyld that the grype hath tane,  
Waxe bothe bold and stronge. 1018-20  
Yn yustynge ne in turnament 1021  
Ther myght no man withsytt hys dynte,  
But to the erthe them thronge. 1023  
Be thre wekys were comyn to zende,  
Yn the lond of Egypt can they  
leude. 1057  
Gentilmen that herde of thys crye,  
Thedur come they redylye. 1195-96  
Syr Eglyllamour knelyd on his kne,  
'A Lorde God zylde hyt the! 1233-89  
*Eglamour*, Line, MS. Note on 1267 :

*Torrent.*

As the boke of Rome thus tellys. 187, 924,  
1450, 1924  
There ys a gyante here besyde,  
In ale thys covntre fare and wyde,  
No man on lyve levythe hee. 960  
For hym all they pray. 108  
All that in the sytte were. 1047  
Gentilmen were blith and ffayn, 1098  
That he in helth was comyn agayn.  
After mete, as I you tell,  
To speke with mayden Desoneff  
To her chaumber he went. 1358-60  
The danyself so moche of pride,  
Set hym on her bed-syde,  
And said 'welcom verament.' 1363  
Such gestenyng he a-right,  
That there he dwellid all nyzt  
With that lady gent. 1364-66  
Thes gold rynges I shall yere the,  
Kepe them well, my lady fre,  
Yf god a child vs send! 1396-1398  
There fore thou shalt in to the see  
And that bastard with-in the! 1793  
She said 'knyghtis and ladyes gent,  
Grete well my lord sir Torrent,  
Yeff ye hym euer sene! 1837-39  
A way he bare her yong son'. 1871  
This chyld is come of gentill teme,  
Where euer this beest hym ffound. 1923  
Leve we now that lady gent,  
And speke we of sir Torrent. 2080-81  
Swith on sowynge there he fell. 2093  
And be the VII yere were gone,  
The child that the liberd had tane.  
Found hym his fitt off flyght. 2233-35  
With heve tymbyr and ovyrryde 40  
Ther myght no man hys dent abyde,  
But to the erthe he them strake. 42  
But ore thre wekes were comyn to end,  
To Portynggall gau he wend. 373  
Gret lordys that herith this crye,  
Theder come richely. 2431-32  
Torrent kneled oppon his kne 2575  
And said 'God yeld you, lordys free!



<i>Eglamour.</i>	<i>Torre-at.</i>	
In swounyng than felle that lady free, 'Welcome, syr Eglamour, to me!	She said 'welcom', my lord sir Torent! And so be ye, my lady gent!	
	In sownyng than felt she.	2505
<i>Eglamour</i> , Linc. MS. Note on 1267 : Grete lordis thane told scho sone.	Gret lordys told she sone.	2539

Perhaps some more light will be thrown on this question when we get the much-wanted critical edition of *Sir Eglamour*; but I fear that the 'secret history attached to the source of these romances' will even then remain to be unravelled. What I have proposed has no title to a better name than a conjecture.

### § 5. THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE EDITION.

As to the only MS. in which this romance has come down to us, I have mentioned before that it is exceedingly corrupt; many conjectures, more or less sure, were necessary in order to restore metre, rhyme, and meaning; the greater part of them seemed worthy to be entered in the text, the rest being offered in the notes. No attempt has been made to introduce a uniform character of dialect, considering the quite unsettled state of orthography in early times. The only exceptions are where the sounds are fully determined by the rhyme. In general the orthography of the MS. has been reproduced as accurately as possible. The contractions used by the scribe are expanded and printed in italics. At the beginning of a new period, or a proper name within the line, capitals have been introduced. From l. 1200, where the numeration of my text no longer coincides with that of Halliwell's edition, the line-numbers of the latter are added in brackets.

The fragments which I have added as an appendix to the text have been consulted in all cases of difficulty, and proved of no little service in correcting the blunders of the manuscript; they contain indeed a somewhat better text than the MS., though they are by no means free from clerical errors. A detailed comparison gives the following result:

In fifty-one lines the text of the fragments is evidently correcter than the MS.:

*Fragments.*

The kyng of Nazareth sent hym me,  
 Torent, I wot-saue hym on the. 466  
 The kyng wolde fayne that he ded were,  
 And he wyst nat on what manere. 472  
 To Torent that was true as stele, 477  
 In what londe that they brede. 487  
 He bestrode a noble stede. 502

*Manuscript.*

The kyng of Portynggall seyde, 'So  
 mot I the!  
 Torrent, I wet-saffe of the.  
 The kyng wolde fayne that he wer ded,  
 And hym wyst in what maner.  
 To Torrent trew ase styll,  
 In what lond they ne bred.  
 Tho he bestrod another stede.

Cf. 489, 498, 507-10, 512-15, 822, 825, 831, 833, 834, 837, 845, 848, 851, 929, 932, 933, 935, 947, 948, 951, 952, 958, 965, 968-70, 1807, 1808, 1810, 1827, 1828, 1831, 1834-36, 1844, 1854, 1866.

Forty-eight lines are coincident: 468, 470, 474, 479, 480, 486, 487, 495, 499, 501, 504, 505, 520, 823, 832, 842, 844, 846, 917, 918, 921, 922, 927, 928, 936, 938, 953, 957, 962, 1809, 1813-17, 1819-21, 1823, 1830, 1832, 1838, 1847, 1850, 1851-52, 1863, 1865.

In ninety-one lines it is doubtful which reading is to be considered as the original one:

*Fragments.*

As they walkyd by the ryvers syde. 469  
 Howe he myght hym shent. 473  
 The kyng sayde 'what may this be?  
 Lorde, it is sent to me  
 For a faucon shene. 483-85  
 Than sayde the kyng vntrue,  
 'And ye fynde hawes of great value,  
 Brynge me one with the! 492-94  
 Of thy dowghter hende. 836

*Manuscript.*

Ase the went be the watyres syd.  
 How he schuld be schent.  
 Syr, he seyde, what may thys be?  
 Loo, lord, come ner and see  
 Abowght a facon schene.  
 And than seyde the kyng outrew,  
 'Yf thou get hawkys of great valew,  
 Bryng on of them to me!  
 Of yowr dowghttyr hend.

Cf. 467, 475, 476, 478, 481, 482, 488, 496, 497, 500, 506, 511, 516-20, 821, 824, 826, 827, 829, 830, 835, 838-41, 843, 847, 850, 919, 920, 923, 925-26, 930-31, 934, 937, 939, 940-43, 945, 946, 949, 950, 954, 955, 959, 960-61, 963, 964, 966, 967, 1811, 1812, 1818, 1822, 1825, 1826, 1829, 1837, 1840, 1842, 1843, 1845-46, 1848-49, 1853, 1855-62, 1864.

In eleven lines the text of the MS. is superior to that of the fragment:

*Fragments.*

'Ye, by my trouthe!' sayde Torent. 828  
 Delyceous notes on hyghe. 944  
 Frowarde the se. 956

*Manuscript.*

'Ye, be trouthe!' seyde Torrent than.  
 Delyceous nottis on byght.  
 Froward the sytte.

Cf. 488, 503, 820, 849, 924, 1824, 1833, 1839.

TORRENT OF PORTYNGALE.

c

As to the sixth fragment, 1014-36, and the beginning of the first (in Halliwell's edition the third), 462-64, in which, as above mentioned, not much more than the rhyming words are preserved, they have nearly the same relation to the MS. as the other ones.

In the following passages they correct the rhymes of the MS.: 1017, 1018, 1028, 1033. Coincident rhymes: 1014, 1015, 1019, 1026, 1027, 1032, 1034-36. Undecided: 1020, 1021, 1023-24, 1029-30, 462-64. The rhymes of the MS. are preferable in ll. 1016, 1022, 1025, 1031.

I need only add, that all the discrepancies between the MS. and the fragments, however numerous they may be, concern, for the most part, things of little importance; they are caused especially by the frequent change of synonymous terms, by the difference of expletive words and phrases, the transposition of words, the change of tenses, and so on. But as there is nowhere any essential difference to be traced, we may conjecture with great probability that the early printed edition of the romance was taken from a manuscript which was pretty nearly related to the Manchester MS., though somewhat more correctly written.

I gladly take the present opportunity of acknowledging my very great obligation to Prof. Koelbing, from whom I have received ample assistance throughout the whole of this work. It would be absolutely impossible to me entirely to discriminate his part from mine. He carefully revised the introduction, notes, and the glossary, before they went to press, and after they came from it, and he looked several times through the proofs of the text. Nor am I less indebted to Mr. Joseph Hall at Manchester, who not only kindly read the proofs of the text with the MS. in the Chetham Library, but also contributed some valuable notes, which are marked by his name. The Director has added the head-lines and side-notes.



## Torrent of Portyngale.

Here bygynmeth a good tale  
Of Torrente of Portyngale.

f. 76a.

(1)

**G**OD, that ys worthy and Bold,  
Heuen and Erthe haue In hold,  
Fyld, watyr, and wynde,  
Yeve vse *grace* hevynd to wyne,  
And brynge vs owt off Dedly synne  
And In thy *seruyse* to Ende!  
A stounde and ye wol lyst be-Dene,  
Ale dowghtty men þat Euyr hathe ben,  
Wher So that they lende,  
I Schaß yow teß, ore I hense pase,  
Off a knyght, þat Dowghtty wase,  
In Rome ase clarkys ffynde.

leaf 1j May God give

us grace to win  
Heaven'

5

10 I'll tell yon of a  
doughty knight.

(2)

In Portynggall, that Ryche londe,  
An Ereß that wase wonande,  
That curtese wase and *wyght*;  
Sone aftr he had a sone,  
The feyerest þat on fot myght gon,  
Tyrrant, men seyð, he hyght.  
Be tyme he wase XVIII yer<sup>o</sup> old,  
Of deddes of armys he wase bold,  
To felle bothe kyng and knyght;  
And now commythe dethe appon a day  
And takythe hys father<sup>o</sup>, ase I yow sey,  
For God ys most of myght.

He dwelt in  
Portugal,

15

and fought well  
when 18.

20

8. *byn* MS.      15. *wyght*] *Dowghtty* MS.  
21. *felle*] first *l* above the line MS.

TORRENT OF PORTYNGALE.

B

## (3)

The King      The kyng of PortynggaH wase fayne,      25  
                  To-warde hym he takythe Torrayne,  
                  That Dowghtty ys in dedde;  
 gives Torrent an      And ther he fesomnyd in hys hond  
 earldom,      A good Eyrldom in that lond,  
                  Bothe forest and *fede*.      f. 76b. 30  
                  The kyng hathe a dowghttyr *whyte ase fame*,  
                  Dysonell wase her name,  
                  Worthyest in wede.  
 and he falls in love      When Torrent had of her a syght,  
 with the King's      More he lovyd that swete *wyght*      35  
 daughter Deso-      Than aH ys fathyrys lede.

## (4)

and for her,      For love of thys lady Deyr  
                  In dede of armys far and nere  
                  Auentorres gan he take  
                  With heve tymbyr and ovyr-Ryde,      40  
                  Ther myght no man hys dent a-bydde,  
 unhorses many      But to the Erthe he them strake.  
 knights,      Her father and other knyghttes mo  
                  Had farly, how he Ryd soo,  
                  And on a day to hyme spake,      45  
                  He Seyd: 'Torrent, howe may thys byne,  
                  That thow Dyspysyst thes knyghttes kene  
                  And ordurres non woH take?'

## (5)

Torrent sayd: 'So mvt I the,  
 An other sayment woH I see,      50  
 Ore I take ordor of knyght.'  
 The King      Tho he sware be hevyn kyng,  
                  Ther wase told hym a wondyr-thing  
                  In hys chambyr to nyght:

30. *fede*] *Downe* MS.      31. *whyte ase fame*] *feyr ase flowyr* MS.  
 32. *Dyscenys*, MS.      35. *swete*] *swet*, MS.      *wyght*] *wyte* MS.  
 36. *lede*] *londe* MS.      39. *A ventorres* MS.      42. *stroke* MS.  
                  47. *dysplesyst* MS.      50. *And* MS.      *see*] *bee* MS.

'For' the love of my doughter dere  
 Thow makyst good far and nere  
 In Dedde of armys bryght;  
 And wyt thow wyH, so god me saue,  
 Thow schalt her wyne, yf thow her haue,  
 Be thow neuyr so wyght!'

55 knows that Tor-  
rent loves his  
daughter,

60

(6)

Torrent sayd: 'Be Marry dere,  
 And I were off armyse clere,  
 Yowr Dowghttyr me leve were.'

L. 77a.

The kyng seyde: 'Yf yt be soo,  
 Ore VII yere be a-go,

65

More schalt we here:

Durst thow, for my dowghttyr sake,  
 A poynt of armys for to take

and asks him if,  
for her sake,  
he'll fight

With-owt helpe of fere?'

Than seyde Torrant: 'So god me sped,  
 With anny man that syttythe on stede  
 Other far ore nere!'

70

(7)

Ther-of the kyng for tene wax wode:

'Yf thow wylt make thy body good,

Be trew and hold thy contenance . . . . . 75

Tho seyde Torrant: 'So god me sped ere!

And I wyst, in what sted they were,

Fore no man wold I chaunce.'

(8)

'In to the Grekes see a mylle

Ther lyvythe a gyant in an yle, 80

a Giant in the  
Greek sea.

FuH EuyH thow dourst hyme stond.

My tayer forestes fellythe downe he

And Ryche castelles in that contre,

No ston lettythe he stond.'

60. *wyght*] *wytlht* MS.      61. *Marry*] *e* corrected into *y*.  
 65. *a-go*] *a gone*, *ne* struck out, MS.      75. *contenance* MS.  
 78. *chaunce*] corrected out of *change* MS.  
 80. *lyvythe*] *lyghltythe* MS.      in *an yle*] *manyle* MS.

## (9)

Torrent                    **T**errent sayd : ‘ Be Marre bryght,                    85  
                                  Yt ys gret sorrow that he hathe syght,  
                                  The devyH of heH hym blynd !’  
 The *kynge* sayd : ‘ *Par la-more de dewe,*  
 Thow darryst fuH evyH *with* thy Ey hym sewe,  
                                  He wold feH the *with* hys wynde.’                    90  
 agrees to fight        ‘ Now, be my trowthe,’ seyð Torrent than,  
                                  ‘ Ase I ame a jentyman,  
                                  Yf I may hym fynd,  
 Won fot woH I not fro hym pase,  
 Thow he be stronger’ than Samson wase,                    f. 77b. 95  
                                  Or anny man of *hys* kynd !’

## (10)

Hys squyerys, they mornyd sare,  
 With-owt fere that he schold fare  
                                  To that gret iorney,  
 the Giant Begon-        **W**ith the gyant heygh for to fyght.                    100  
 mese,  
                                  Be-gon-mese that gyant hyght,  
                                  That fynddes fere for aye.  
 To arme hyme Torrant *gas*,  
 Hys good stede *with* hym he tas,  
                                  *With* owt squyer’ that Day.                    105  
 He takythe leve at lorddys hend,  
 and sets out.        **A**nd on hys wey gan he wynd,  
                                  For hym aH they *pray*.

## (11)

DesoneH knows        **L**ytyH wyst DesoneH that jente,  
 not that it is for        **F**or whos love that he went                    110  
 love of her.                    **T**o fyght *with* that knave.

86. *he*] written above the line, MS.        88. *kynge*] *knyght* MS.96. *hys*] om. MS.        97. *sore* MS.        102. *fare* MS.103. *gas*] *goos* MS.        104. *tas*] *takythe* MS.108. *pray*] *prayd* MS.

Now god, that Dyed appon a Rode,  
 Strengithe hym bothe bone and blod,  
 The fyld for to hane !  
 He that schaff wend soche a wey, 115  
 Yt were nede for hym to pray,  
 That Iesu hym schuld saue.  
 Yt ys in the boke of Rome,  
 Ther was no knyght of kyrstendome,  
 That jorney Durst crave. 120

(12)

VI days Rydythe he  
 By the cost of the feyer<sup>1</sup> see,  
 To seke the gyant kene.  
 By the cost as he Rode, f. 72a.  
 In a forest longe and brode 125  
 And symly wase to sene,  
 Hey sperrys ther he fonde  
 And gret olyvys growonde  
 Coverd in levys grene.  
 Sone wase he ware, ase y yow say, 130  
 Vppon a movnteyn ther he laye  
 On slepe, ase I wene.

After 6 days' ride

he sees the Giant asleep.

(13)

Torrent, on kne knelyd he  
 And be-sowght Jesu so fre,  
 That bowght hym with hys blod : 135  
 ' Lord, ase thou dyd ryght for Mary,  
 Let me never take velony  
 And gef me of thy fode !  
 Serttes, yf I hym slepyng<sup>2</sup> slone,  
 Manful<sup>3</sup> Ded were yt none 140  
 For my body, be the Rode.'

He prays for Christ's help.

123. *seke*] *ches*, struck out, *seke* written over with paler ink.

126. *see* MS. 129. *grene*] *smale* MS.

136. *ryght*] *lyght* written above the line with paler ink.  
*more* MS.

Tho Terrant blewe hys bugeH bold,  
 To loke that he a-wake wold,  
 And sythe ner' hyme Rode.

(14)

As Torrent can't  
 wake the Giant  
 with his bugle,

So fast a-slepe he wase browght, 145  
 Hys hornys blast a-woke hyme nowght,  
 He swellyd ase dothe the see.

Torrent saw, he woH not wake,  
 He Reynyd hys sted vnto a stake,  
 Ase a jentyH man *so fre*.

150

So hy, he say, wase the movnteyne,  
 Ther myght no horse wynd hym a-geyn  
 But yf he nowyd wold be ;

f. 78b.

Thowe the wey neuyr' so wykkyd ware,  
 On hys wey gan he fare,  
 In gret perayH went hee.

155

(15)

he stirs him up  
 with his spear,

Torent went to that movnteyn,  
 He put hys spere hyme a-geyne,  
 'A-Ryse, fellow!' gan he saye ;  
 'Who made the so bold here to dweH,  
 My lordes frethe thus to feH ?

160

A-mendes the be-hovythe to pay.'

and makes him  
 wild.

The gyant Rysythe, ase he had byn wod,  
 And Redyly by hyme stode,

Be-syd hyme on a lay, 165  
 And seyd : 'Sertes, yf I leve,  
 Soche a wed I woH the geff,  
 To meve the Euyr' and ay.'

(16)

Thow the chyld were neuyr' so yinge,  
 The fyndes spere sparrythe hyme no-thing 170  
 In the holttes haree ;

150. *so fre*] *in fere* MS. 151. *say*] *sayd* MS.  
 152. *mygh* (!) MS. 154. *were* MS. 157. *movnten* MS.  
 169. *yongc* MS. 171. *In*] *Ihū* (!) MS. *horec* MS.

Who had fare and nere byne,  
And neuer had of fytynge syn,

He myght a lernyd thare.

The gyant, the fyrst stroke to hym he cast, 175 The fight begins.

His good schyld aH to-brast,

In schevyres spred wase yare ;

Tho covd he no bettur Red,

But stond styH, tyH one were ded ;

The gyant lefte hym thar. 180

## (17)

Torrent vndyr hys spryt he sprent

And a-bowght the body he hyme hente, f. 79a. Torrent grips the Giant ;

As far as he myght last.

'A ! fellow, wyt thou so ?'

And to the grownd gan they goo, 185 they both fall,  
and roll down the mountain.

Of the movnteyn bothe downe they past.

Ase the boke of Rome tellys,

They tornyd XXXII *cllys*,

In armys walloyng fast.

Yt tellythe in the boke of Rome, 190

Euyr ase the gyant a-boue come,

Hys guttes owte of hys body *brast*. The Giant bursts

## (18)

At the fot of the movnteyn

Ther lay a gret Ragyd ston, *serteyn*, 195 open against a big stone.

Yt nyhed ys schuldyr bow

And also hys Ryght syd,

Ther to that gyant feH that tyd,

Ase I herd in Rome . . .

173. *seyn* MS.

174. *there* MS.

175. *to hym*] written above the line. 177. *there* MS.

178. *he no*] *not he* MS. *Ryd* MS. 180. *ther* MS.

181. *sprent*] *spred* MS. 186. *they past*] *gan they pase* MS.

188. *cllys*] *tynys* MS. 192. *brast*] *Rane* MS.

197 put before 196. MS. 198. *I*] *he* MS.



## (19)

Torrent stabs the  
Giant,

Thorrow hyme, that mad man),  
Torrent sone a-bovyn) wane 200  
And fast he gan *him quelle*  
With a knyffe feyer and bryght ;  
Torrent, with aH hys myght  
Ther-with he gard hyme dwell.

## (20)

and then thanks  
Christ.

Torent knelyd on hys kne, 205  
To Iesu Cryst prayd he,  
That hathe thys world to wyld :  
'Lord, lovyd, evyr lovyd thowe be,  
The feyer' fyld thow hast lent Me,'  
—Vpp bothe hys handes *he* held— f. 79b. 210  
'AH onely with-owt any knaue  
Of the fynd the maystry to haue,  
Of hym to wyn the fyld.'  
Now ys ther none other to say,  
Of hyme he wane the fyld þat day ; 215  
I pray God hyme schyld.

## (21)

He sees the sea,

Torrent went vppe a-geyne  
To the movnt, ase I gan sayne,  
The londes to se far and nere ;  
In the see a myle, hyme thozt, 220  
An hold wase Rychyly wrowt,  
In that lond wase not here perre.  
The see wase Ebbyd, I yow sey,  
Torrent thether toke the way,  
and goes to it. 225  
Werry aH thow he were ;

199. after *Thorrow*, of has been scraped out.

201. *him quelle*] *wake* MS. 203. *hys*] *h* corrected out of *m* MS.

210. *he*] om. MS. 213. *wyn*] *wynd*, *d* erased MS.

214. *to* written above the line, MS.

215. *Now ys ther non other say*

*Of hym to wyne the fyld þat day* add. (1) MS.

219. *to se* written above the line.

And ther he fownd Ryche wonys,  
 Towrres Endentyd with presyos stonys,  
 Schynnyng ase crystall clere.

Torrent finds  
 the Giant's castle,

## (22)

Two gattys off yron ther he fond,  
 Ther in Torrent gan wonde, 230  
 A nyghtes Rest there in to ta ;  
 And at the hale dore ther wase  
 A lyon & a lyonasse,  
 Ther men be-twene them twa  
 Fast Etyng, ase ye may here ; 235  
 Crystyn man thow he were,  
 Hys browys were bla, f. 80a.  
 And wit yow wiH, lord god yt wote,  
 He durst goo no fote,  
 Lest they wold hyme sla. 240

guarded by a lion  
 and lioness.

## (23)

Torrent stod and be-held,  
 And prayd to god, that ale may wyld,  
 To send hyme harborrow good.  
 Sone hard he wiH in a whalle  
 The syghyng of a lady smalle, 245  
 Sche weppte, as sche were wod ;  
 Sche mornyd sore and sayd : ' Alas,  
 That Euyr kynges dowglittyr wase  
 Ouer-come of so jentyH blod,  
 For now ame I holdyn here 250  
 In lond with a fyndes fere !'  
 Torrent hard, wher he stod.

He hears a lady  
 sighing within.

226. *wonys*] *wayes* MS.      229. *Two*] *The* MS.  
 231. *to ta*] *he take* MS.      234. *two*] *troupe* MS.  
 236. *man*] *thow* (!) MS.      *he*] *they* MS.  
 237. *were bla*] *be gan to blawe* MS.      240. *ste* MS.  
 244. *whalle*] with paler ink corrected from *whyll*.  
 245. *syghyng*] with paler ink corrected from *syghyng*.

(24)

Dere god,' seyð Torrant than,  
' Yff ther be anny crystyn man

In thys hold of ston), 255

Torrent asks for  
a night's lodging  
in the Castle.

That woH, for the love of god of myght,  
Harbourrow a jentylman thys nyght,

For I ame but on) !'

' Seynt Marry,' seyð that lady clere,

' What crystyn man axithe harburrow here ?' 260

Nere hym sche gothe a-non.

' I wold harburrow the fuH fayne,

But a gyant wyH the slayne.'

To hym sche mad here mone.

(25)

' Say me now, fayer' lady, *belyve*, f. 80b. 265

Who owte of thys plase schaH *me dryve*,

Thes tourres, that are so bryght ?'

The Lady says

Ther sche Seyd : ' Be hevyn kyng,

Here ys a gyant Dwellyng,

That meche ys of myght. 270

Be my trowthe, and he the see,

Were ther' XX lyvys in the,

the Giant will  
kill him.

Thy dethe than wyH he dyght.

Iesu cryst yef me grace

To hyd the in some preve plase 275

Owt of the fyndes syght ! . . . .

(26)

' Euyr' me thynkythe be thy tale,

The song of the burdes smale

On slepe hathe hyme browght.'

259. *clere*] *c* corrected out of *r* MS.

261. *sche gothe anon*] *a non sche gothe* MS. 265. *bel.*] om. MS.

266. *of*] om. MS. *me dryve*] *hyght* MS.

267. *so*] *feyer* and add. MS.

271. *the*] *thow*, *w* erased and *e* changed into *o*, MS.

273. *They* (!) MS. 275. *hyd*] corrected from *hyde*.

277. *thy*] *my* erased and *thy* written above the line.

'Ye,' seyd Torrent, 'ore he be wakyn), 280

I schaff the tel soche a tokyn),

Of hym thow haue no thougth!

But wolddes thow for thy gentry

Do the lyonnys downe lye,

That they nyee me nowght?' 285

By the hande sche ganne hym ta

And led hyme in *betwe* them twa;

Ryght ase sche wold, they wrowght.

The Lady takes  
Torrent past the  
Lions, into the  
Castle.

(27)

The lady wase neuyr' so a-drad,

In to the hale sche hym lad, 290

That lemyred ase gold bryght;

Sche byrlyd whyt wyne and Rede:

f. 81a.

'Make vse myrre a-geyne owre Dedd,

I wot wiH, yt ys so dyght!'

'Be my trowthe!' seyd Torrent,

295

'I wole be thy warrant,

He tells her  
he has kild the  
Giant.

He comythe not here thys nyght.

On soche a slepe he ys browght,

AH men of lyve wakythe hym nowght,

But onely godes *myght*.' 300

(28)

Blythe then wase that lady jent,

For to on-harnes Torrent,

That dowghtty wase and bold;

'For sothe,' sche seyd, 'I wot wher ys

The kynges sone *Verdownys*,

She tells him  
of Prince Ver-  
downys,

Fast put in hold

305

283. *thy*] *th* corrected from *m*. *gentry*] *gentre*, *e* corrected from *y*.

285. *nyee*] first *e* above the line.

286. *hande*] *d* corrected from *c*. *lanc* MS.

287. *bevre* MS. *twayne* MS.

300. *godes myght*] *gode a lowe* MS.

305. *Verdownys*] *of preuse* MS.

and 4 Earls' sons  
in the Giant's  
prison.

In a dongon, that ys dym ;  
Fowyre good Erylles sonnys be with hyme  
Ys fet in fere and fold.

The gyant wan theme in a tyde, 310  
Ase they Rane be the watyr syd,  
And put them in preson cold.

(29)

'In an yron cage he hathe them done.'

Torrent went thether sone :

'Are ye yet levand ?' 315

The kynges sone askyd than,

Yf ther were anny crysten man,

'Wold bryng vse owt of bond ?'

'Lord,' he seyde, 'god almyght,

I had levyr on a Day to fyght, 1. 816. 320

Than al my fathyr's lond.'

Torrent breaks  
open the prison,

With an iryn maill styff and strong

He brake vpe an yron dore or longe,

And sone the keyes he fond.

(30)

and frees the 5  
youths.

Owt he toke thys chyldyryn fyve, 325

The feyrest that were on lyve,

I-hold in anny sted.

The lady wase full gled,

Sche byrlyd whyt wyn and Redd,

They sup.

And sethyn to soper sone they yed. 330

'Lordes,' he seyde, 'syn yow are her',

I Red yow make Ryght good cher',

For now ys al thy nede.'

Thus he covyrd owt of care.

God, that sofyrd wonddes sare, 335

Grante vse weH to sped !

318. *owt*] *ow* (!) MS. 323. *or longe*] added in paler ink.

325. *chyld.*] a *v* struck out, follows. 328. *glad* MS.

335. *sore* MS. 336. *welle to sped*] *to sped wel* MS.

## (31)

L ordde, and ye wol lythe,  
The chyldyr namys I woH teH blythe,

Here kyn, how they were me told;  
The kynges sone, that dowghtty ys,  
Wase clepyd Verdownys,

340 Torrent freed  
Prince Ver-  
downys, Lords

That dowghtty wase and bold,  
And an Erylles son, that hyght Torren,  
A nother Iakys of Berweyne,

Torren, Jakys,  
and Amyas,

The forthe was Amyas bold.  
The kynges dowghttyr of Gales lond,  
Elyoner, I vndyrstond,  
That worthy wase in hold,

f. 82a. 345

and Princess  
Eleanor.

## (32)

In to hys chambyr sche hyme led,  
Ther gold and syluyr wase spred,

350 She takes Torrent  
to his chamber,

And asur, that wase blo;  
In yron ther he gan stond,  
Body and armys *al schynand*,  
In powynt to trusse and goo.

In to a stabyH sche hym led,  
Eche toke a fuH feyer' sted,

355 and then all of  
them to the stable,  
where each  
chooses a horse.

They were *redy* to goo;  
And wote ye weH and vndyrstond,  
Had the gyant be levand,  
They had not partyd soo.

360

## (33)

They woH not to bed gange,  
TyH on the morrow the Day spronge,  
Thus a wey to ffare.

337. after *wol*, *be struck out* MS. 340. *ys*] *wase* MS.

346—348 put before 343—345, MS. 351. *blo*] *blewe* MS.

353. *al sch.*] *lygand* (!) MS.

354. *trusse*] corrected from *truste*. 357. *redy*] *om.* MS.

358. *wote*] with paler ink corrected from *what*.

359. *Had*] corrected out of *han.* *byn* follows, almost entirely  
erased. *gyant*] *t* corrected from *d*.

361. *gange*] *gan* MS. *He on the* struck out, follows.

Torrant sperryd the gattys, i-wyse,  
 AH that he lyst he clepyd hys, 365  
 The keys and thyng he bare.  
 The Lyons *that was* at the dore  
 Wase led to her' mayster that wase befor',  
 On hym thay fed them *yare*,  
 Vpp won of the horse, that wase ther' levyd, 370  
 On hym thei trussyd the gyanttes heved.  
 Thus helpt hym god thar'.

Torrent feeds  
 the lions on the  
 Giant's body,

and puts his head  
 on a horse.

## (34)

But ore III wekes wer' commyn to End,  
 To PortynggaH gan he wend,  
 Ther' ase the kyng gan *lend*; 375  
 The porter sawe *hym* ther he stood,  
 He fled a wey, ase he were wod,  
 Flyngyng ase a fynd. f. 82b.  
 'Syr kyng,' he seyde, 'be goddes dede,  
 Torrant bryngythe a devyH ys hed, 380  
 Ther *with* he woH yow present.'  
 DesoneH seyde: 'Porter', be styH!' . . .  
 In hys walke ther ase he went.

He goes back to  
 Portugal.

## (35)

The kyng to the gatys gan pase,  
 Gret lordes that ther wase, 385  
 Bothe knyghtes and squyerre,  
 Lordes wase fuH sore a-dred  
 Fore the lyonys, *pat* he had,  
 They durst not come hyme ner'.

The King and his  
 Lords are afraid of  
 the lions.

366. *keys*] *e* written with paler ink above the line.  
 367. *lyons that was*] *lyone* MS.  
 369. *Vn* (!) MS. *hym*] *y* corrected out of *e* MS. *thay*] corrected from *that*. *yare*] *ther* MS.  
 371. *Vn* (!) MS. *thei*] *i* written above the line. *hed* MS.  
 372. *ther* MS.  
 373. *were*] *ther*, struck out, and *were* written over.  
 375. *lend*] *lye* MS. 376. *sawc h. th.*] *ther sawc he* MS.  
 386. *squyerres* MS.



The kyng seyð : ' I wyH *the* kysse, 390  
Durst I for' thy bestes, Iwysse.'

Torrent dyd them ly ther',  
And kyssyd the kyng *with* joy and blyse ;  
And aftyr, other lordes of hys, Torrent kisses the  
And aftyr, ladys *clere*. 395 King of Portugal.

## (36)

Messengyres *went* the weye,  
To the kyng of *Provyns* to sey, The King of  
Hys sone ys owt of hold : Provyns is glad  
' Yng Torrent of PortynggaH  
Hathe browght hym owt of balle 400  
And slayne the jeyant bold.'  
LytyH and mykyH þat ther wer',  
AH they mad good cher f. 83a.  
Her' prynse fayne se wold.  
The kyng *seyd* : ' So mot I the, 405 of his son Ver-  
I wold geff the towynnyys thre downys's safetȳ  
For' the talles thow hast me told.'

## (37)

Than *seyd* they, that to Gales yede,  
Yeftys to *take* were hem no ned,  
Then *Verdownys* had they. 410  
Ase they seylyd on a tyde,  
At Perrowid on the see syd  
. . . . .  
The kyng of *Provynse* seyð : ' So mot I the,  
Yftles schah they not be, 415 and promises  
That dare I sothely sey.' Torrent gifts.

390. *the*] *hym* MS.395. *aftyr*] *other* add. (!) MS. *clere*] *jent* MS.396. *went*] *to* (!) MS. 397. after *Provyns* I MS.399. *Yoyng* MS. 405. *kyng seyð*] *kynges messengere* MS.

405-7 put before 402-4.

408. *Than—thad*] *That they than* MS. *Gales*] with paler ink  
corrected from *Calles*. *yede*] corrected from *went*.409. *take*] om. MS. *hym* MS. 410. *Then Downys* MS.

The King of Gales  
offers Torrent his  
daughter.

The kyng of Gales proferd hym feyer :  
' Wed my dowghttyr and myn Eyer',  
When so euyr' thow may ! . . . .

## (38)

The King of  
Provyns gives  
Torrent his Sword

made by Weland,

The kyng of Pervense seyð : ' So mot I the, 420  
Thys seson yeffles schaH thow not be,  
Haue here my Ryng of gold,  
My sword, that so wyH ys wrowyt ;  
A better than yt know I nowght  
With in crystyn mold ; 425  
Yt ys ase glemyrnyng ase the glase,  
Thorow Velond wrought yt wase,  
Bettyr ys non to hold.  
I have syne sum tyme in lond,  
Whoso had yt of myn hond, 430  
Fawe they were I-told.'

## (39)

and named Ado-  
lake.

A fortnight's  
Feast is held.

Tho wase Torrent blythe and glad,  
The good swerd ther he had,  
The name wase Adolake.  
A gret maynerey let he make *ryght* 435  
That lest aH a fortnyght,  
Who so wiH hys met take. f. 836.  
Euyry man toke ys leve, ase I yow say,  
Hom-ward to wend ther wey,  
Euery man ys Rest to take. 440  
TyH yt be-feH vppon a day,  
Ase they went be the wey,  
The kyng to hys dowghttyr spake :

417. *gales*] *g* with paler ink corrected from *c*.

429. *Loke thou hold yt with fulle hond*, add. MS.

431. *I faught therfore I told* MS.

435. *mayn.*] *mayne let*, with paler ink corrected into *mayney*.  
*ryght*] om. MS.

438. *I*] om. MS. 440. *to take ys Rest* MS.

## (40)

'Ye schalt take hed of a jceentyH man,

A feyer' poynt for' yow he wane,

The King of  
Portugal tells  
Desoneil

445

DesoneH, at the last.'

Syr,' sche seyd, 'be hevyn kyng,

TyH ye me told, I knewe no thyng,

For who ys love yt wase.'

'DesoneH, so mvt I the,

450

Yt wase for the lowe of the,

That he trovyld so fast.

that Torrent kild  
the Giant for love  
of her

I warne yow, dowghttyr, be the Rode,

Yt ys for yow bothe good,

Ther to I Red yow trust.'

455

## (41)

Forthe sche browght a whyt sted,

As whyt as the flowyr nð med,

Ys fytte blac ase slon.

She gives Torrent  
a white steel

'Lemanð, haue here thys fole,

That dethe ys dynt schalt þou not thole,

460

WhyH thow settyste hyme apponð,

And yf thow had persewyd be

And hadyst ned fore to fle,

Fast for to gone.

The kyng of Nazareth sent hym me,

Torrent, I wet-saffe hym on the,

465 which the King  
of Nazareth had  
sent her.

For better love may I none.'

L 54a.

## (42)

Aftyward vppon a tyd,

Ase the went þe watyres syd,

The kyng and yong Torrent,

470

455. *trust* MS. 458. *slon* MS.

460. *thole*] *haue* MS. 461. *settythe* MS.

462. *perseyd* (?) MS.

465. So Fragm. I (F. 1); *The kyng of Portynggalle seyd*: 'So  
mot I the MS.

466. *hym on*] so F. 1; *of* MS.

TORRENT OF PORTYNGALE.

C

- The King      The kyng wold fayne, that he ded wer',  
 And he wylt, in what maner',  
                     How he schuld be schent ;
- treacherously      A false lettyr mad the kyng  
 And dyd messengyres forthe yt bryng,      475  
                     On the Rever', ase they went,  
 To Torrent, that was trew ase styH,  
 Yf he love DesoneH wyH,  
                     Get her a facon jent.
- (43)
- Torrent the letter be-gan to Red,      480  
 The kyng lestyned & nere yed,  
                     Ase he yt nevyr ad sene.  
 'Syr,' he seyde, 'what may thys be,  
 Loo, lord, come ner' and see,  
                     A-bowght a facon schene?      485  
 I ne wot, so god me sped,  
 In what lond that they bred.'  
 The kyng answerd : ' I wene,  
 In the forrest of Mavdeleyn,  
 Ther be hawkes, ase I herd seyne,      490  
                     That byn of lenage elen.'
- (44)
- And than seyde the kyng on-trew :  
 ' Yf thou get hawkys of gret valew,  
                     Bryng on of them to me !'  
 Torrent Seyd : ' So god me saue,      f. 84b.      495  
 Yf yt be-tyd, that I may haue,  
                     At yowr wyH they schal be.'  
 Hys squyere bode he thar',  
 Aftyr hys armor' for to far',  
                     In the fyld byddythe he.      500

471. *ded were*] so F. I ; *were ded* MS.      472. *he*] so F. I ; *hym* MS.477. *that was*] so F. I ; om. MS.      482. *syne* MS.487. *that*] so F. I ; om. MS.      *they*] *ne* add. (!) MS.489. *Mard.*] so F. I ; *Mardlen* MS.      491. *elen*] *gene* MS.498. *squyere*] so F. II ; *squyeres* MS.      *there* MS.

They armyd hym in hys wed,  
Tho he be-strod a noble sted,  
And forthle than Rod hee.

Torrent rides

(45)

**T**orrent toke the wey a-geyn  
In to the forest of Mawdleyne,  
In the wyld-some way ;  
Berys and apes there founde he,  
And wylde bestys great plente,  
And lyons where they lay.

505 to the Forest of  
Magdalen,

In a wod that wase tyght,  
Yt Drew nere-hand nyght  
By dynmynge of the Day,  
Harkyn, lordes, to them came wo,  
He and hys squyer' partyd in two,  
CarfuH men then were they.

510

515 gets separated  
from his Squire,

(46)

At the schedyng of a Rome  
Eche partyd other frome,  
For sothe, ase I vndyrstond.

Torrent toke a dulfyl wey

Downe in a depe valey

520

Be-syd a weH strong.

A lytyH be fore mydnyght

Of a dragon he had syght,

and comes on a  
Dragon.

That grysly wase to *fond* ;

He had hym nowght to were,

525

But hys schyld and hys spere,

f. 85a.

That wase in hys squyeres hond.

502. *noble*] so F. II ; *nothere* MS.

507—509. so F. II : *Berrys he sawe stondyng*  
*And wylde bestes ther goyng,*  
*Gret lyonys ther he fond.* MS.

510. *tyght*] so F. II ; *thyke* MS.

512. *By d.]* so F. II ; *And in the Dawnyng* MS.

513. *to—wo*] so F. II ; *[to] of F. II. what I schalle sey* MS.

514. *in two*] so F. II ; *they* MS.

515. *men—they*] so F. II ; *they were that Day* MS.

524. *fond*] *syght* MS.

(47)

Torrent knelyd on his kne,  
 To Iesu Cryst *prayed* he :  
 ' Lord, mykyH of myght, 530  
 Syne I wase in meche care,  
 Let me nevyr<sup>r</sup> owt of thys world far',  
 TyH I haue take *order* of knyght.  
 Ase I ame falsely hether<sup>r</sup> sent,  
 Wyld-som weyes haue I went, 535  
 With fynd<sup>s</sup> for to fyght.  
 Now, Iesu, for thy holy name,  
 Ase I ame but man a-lone,  
 to be his help. Thanð be my helpe to nyght !'

(48)

Ase Torrent Iesu ganð *pray*, 540  
 He herd the dragonð, ther he lay  
 Vndyr-nethe a clow ;  
 Of *and* on he wase stronge,  
 The Dragon's taily is 7 yards long,  
 Hys taily wase VII yerdes long,  
 That aftyr hyme he drowe ; 545  
 Hys wyngges wase long and wyght,  
 To the chyld he toke a flyght  
 With an howge *swore* ;  
 Had he nether<sup>r</sup> schyld ne spere,  
 But *prayed* to god, he schold hyme were, 550  
 For he wase in dred i-nowe.

(49)

and has a fiery head on it. On the taily an hed ther<sup>r</sup> wase,  
 That byrnyd Bryght as anny glase, fol. 85b.  
 In fyr whan *yt* was dyght ;

532. *thys*] *hys* (?) MS.533. *longe*] or add. (?) MS. *order*] *others* (?) MS.542. *low*] *colod* or *colod*, *l* corrected from *d*; MS.543. *and*] *an* MS. 545. *dece* MS.548. *swore*] *swayne* (?) MS. 551. *inourthe* MS.551. *at*] *he* MS.

A-bowght the schyld he lappyd yt ther, 555

Torrent the bowght a-sondyr schere

Thurrow the *grace* of god almyght.

As the boke of Rome tellys,

Of hys taylle he cut IIII elles

With hys swerd so bryght.

Torrent cuts I ears  
of the Dragon's  
tail.

560

Than cryed the lothely thyng,

That all the daH be-gan to Ryng,

That hard the gyant wyght.

(50)

The gyant seyd : ' I vndyrstonel,

There ys sum crystynð man nere hond,

565

My dragon here I cry.

By hym, that schope bothe watyr and lond,

All that I can se be-fore me stond,

and while the  
Giant-owner is  
getting ready to  
help it.

Dere schall they a-bye!

Me thynkythe, I here my dragon schowt,

570

I deme, ther be syne dowyghty man hym a-bowght,

I trow, to long I ly.

Yf I dweH in my pyH of ston,

And my cheff-foster were gone,

A false mayster were I !'

575

(51)

Be the gyant wase Redy dyght,

Torrent had slayne the dragon Ryght ;

Torrent kills it.

Thus gan god hyme scheld.

To the mownteyne he toke the way

To Rest hyme, all that day,

580

He had myster, to be kyld.

TyH the day began to spryng,

585

Fowllys gan myrre to syng

Bothe in frethe and in feld.

558. *Tellys*] *tell* *the* MS. 563. *That the gyant ! and cryed* MS.

574. *foster*] *st* corr. out of *t*. 581. *kyllod* MS.

<sup>1</sup> There is no *t*. 86 in the paging of the MS.



Leve we now of Torrent thore 585  
 Torrent's Squire And speke we of thys squyer' more :  
 Iesu hys sole fro heH shyld !  
 (52)  
 rides all night in Hys squyer' Rod aH nyght  
 a wood, In a wod, that wase fuH tyght,  
 With meche care and gret fare, 590  
 For to seke hys lord Torrent,  
 That wyghtly wase frome hyme sent,  
 And he wyst nevyr' whethyr ne whar'.  
 He Durst neuyr' cry ne schuot,  
 For wyld bestes were hym a-bowght 595  
 In the holttes hare ;  
 A lytyl whyH be-fore the day  
 He toke in to a Ryde-vey  
 Hyme self to meche care.  
 (53)  
 Forthe he Rod, I vndyrstond, 600  
 till he finds a TyH he an hey wey fond,  
 highway, With-owtyn any Delite,  
 Also fast ase he myght fare,  
 Fore berrys and apys, þat ther ware,  
 Lest they wold hym byght. 605  
 The sone a-Rose and schone bryght,  
 Of a castyH he had a syght,  
 That wase bothe feyer' and whyte . . .  
 (54)  
 and is met by a The gyant him se, & ny yed,  
 Giant. And seyð : ' Fellow, so god me sped, 610  
 Thow art welcom to me : f. 87b.  
 What dost thow here in my forest ?'  
 ' Lord, to seke an hawkys nest,  
 Yff yt yowr wyl be.'

585. *there* MS. 592. *wysly* MS. 593. *wher* MS.  
 595. *wyld*] *wyld* MS. 596. *hore* MS. 597. *lyty* MS.  
 602. *Delite*] *delay* MS. 604. *were* MS. 609. *hem* MS.

'The be-hovythe to ley a wede.' 615

To an oke he hym led :

Gret Ruthe yt wase to se.

In IIII *quarteres* he hym drowe,

And euery quarter vppon a bowe ;

Lord, soche weys toke hee ! 620

The Giant cuts  
Torrent's Squire  
into 4 quarters.

## (55)

Ase Torrent in the movnteyn dyd ly,

Hym thowght, he hard a Reufull cry ;

Gret fere ther hyme thowght.

'Seynt Marre,' seyde the chyld so fre,

'Wher eny' my jentyll squyer' myght be, 625

That I with me to wod browght ?

On he dyd hys harnes a-geyne

And worthe on hys sted, *serteyne*,

And thetherward he sowght.

And wot yow wyll, I vnderstond, 630

In fowre quartyr<sup>s</sup> he hym fownd,

For other wyse wase yt nowght.

Torrent finds  
these,

## (56)

The gyant lenyd to a tre

And be-hyld Torrent so free,

For sothe, ase I yow seye. 635

Thys fend wase ferly to fyght,

Rochense, seythe the boke, he hyght,

Ther wase a dredfull fraye.

To the chyld than gan he smyght :

'A theff, yeld the asttyt, 640

As fast as thow may !'

and is attackt  
by this giant  
Rochense.

f. 88a.

'What,' seyde Torrent, 'art thow wood ?

God, that Dyed on the Rood,

Geff the evyll happe thys day !'

618. *drewe* MS. 624. *for*] *for* MS.  
630. *wot*] *w* add. (!) MS. 635. *I*] om. MS.

(57)

He Rawght Torrent soche a Rowght, 645  
 Hys steddles brayne he smot owte,  
 So mykyll he be-gan.  
 Torrent tho a good sped  
 Ase fast a-bowte an eche *yede* ;  
 Ase swefte ase he myght, *he* Ran. 650  
 He gathryed svm of hys gere,  
 Bothe hys schyld and hys spere ;  
 Nere hym yod he than.  
 Baeward than be a browz  
 Twenty fote he gard hyme goo, 655  
 Thus erthe on hym he wane.

(58)

Yt solasyd Torrant then,  
 When he sawe hyme baeward ren  
 Downe be a movnteyn of Perowne,  
 Stomlyng thurrow frythe and fen, 660  
 Tyll he com to a depe *glen*,  
 Ther myght non hym sere.  
 Torrent wase glad and folowyd fast,  
 And hys spere on hyme he brast,  
 Good Adyløke yed hyme nere. 665  
 The fynd in the watyr stod,  
 He fawte a-geyn, ase he were wod,  
 Ah þe day in fere.

(59)

Tho nere hond wase the day gone, f. 88b.  
 Torrent wase so werry than 670  
 That on hys kne he kneld :  
 'Helpe, god, that ah may !  
 Desoneh, haue good day !'  
 Fro hym he cest hys schyld.

Torrent prays  
 God for help.

649. *yede*] *went* MS. 650. *he Ran*] *Rane* MS.  
 657. *than* MS. 658. *ren*] *Rond* (!) MS. 661. *glen*] *thorne* MS.  
 662. *sere*] *schere* MS. 668. *þe*] *the* add. (!) MS.  
 671. *kneld* *he* MS.

Iesu wold not, he were slayne,	675	
To hym he sent a schowyr <sup>7</sup> of Rayne,		Jesus freshens up
Torrent fuH wyH yt keld.		Torrent.
The fynd saw, he wase ny mate,		
Owt of the watyr he toke the gate,		
He thought to wyne the fyld.	680	

## (60)

Thoo wase Torrent ffresse and good ;		
Nere the fynd sore he stod,		
Cryst hym saue and see !		
The fynd fawt <i>with</i> an yron staff,		The Giant attacks
The fyrst stroke, to hym he gaffe,	685	again.
He brast hys schyld on thre.		
Torrent vndyr hys staff Rane,		
To the hart he baryd hym than,		Torrent runs him
And lothely cry gane he.		thro' the heart,
To the grownd he feH ase tyght,	690	
And Torrent gan hys hed of-smyght,		cuts his head off,
And thus he wynnythe the gre.		

## (61)

Torrent knelyd on the grownd		
And thankyd god þæt ylke stownd,		
That soche <i>grace</i> hym send.	695	
Thus II journeys in thys woo		
<i>With</i> hys handes slow <i>he</i> gyantys too,		
That meny a man hathe schent.	697.	
Torrent forthe frome hym þan yod,		
And met hym XXIIII fote,	700	finds him 24 ft.
Ther he lay on the bent.		
Hedles he left hym there,		
Howt of the fyld the hed he bare		
And to the casteH he went.		long, and goes to
		his Castle.

677. *kelyd* MS.      690. *grownd* MS.  
 697. *he* II MS.

## (62)

Torrent goes to the Giant's	To thys casteH he gan far' ; Ther fond he armor' and other' gare, A swerd, that wase bryght. To the towre he toke the wey, Ther the gyantes bed lay, That Rychyly wase dyght. At the beddes hed he fond	705      710
Castle, and finds a splendid sword,	A swerd, worthe an Erlyls lond, That meche wase of myght. On the pomeH yt wase wret, Fro a prynce yt wase get, Mownpolyardus he hyght.	    715

## (63)

and a noble white steed.	The sarten <i>to sey with</i> -owt lese, A scheff-chambyr' he hym ches, TyH on the morrow day. To the stabuH tho he yed,	720
With the heads of the Giant and Dragon, Torrent	There he fond a nobyH sted, Wase comely whyt and grey. The gyanttes hed gan he take, And the dragonys wold he not forsake, And went forthe on hys wey. He left mor' good in that sale Than wase <i>with</i> in aH PortynggaH, Ther ase the gyant laye.	725    f. 896.

## (64)

rides back to Portugal.	Tho he Rod bothe Day and nyght, TyH he come to a casteH bryght, Ther ys lord gan dweH. The kyng ys gone to the gate, Torrent on kne he fond ther at, Schort taH for to teH.	730
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706. *gere* MS.                      717. *to sey*] om. MS.  
718. *he*] *schc* MS.    *chcsys* (!) MS.    720. *yod* MS.

- ‘Haue thow thys in thynd hond :  
 No nother hawkys ther I fond  
 At Mawdlenys weH.’  
 The kyng *quod* : ‘Ase so haue I blyse,  
 Torrent, I trow, *sybbe* ys  
 To the deweH of heH! . . . .’
- 735    Torrent gives the  
 King the Giant’s  
 and Dragon’s  
 heads instead of  
 a Falcon,  
 740

## (65)

- ‘Here be syd dwellythe won on lond,  
 Ther ys no knyght, *hys* dynt may stond,  
 So stronge he ys *in dede*!’  
 ‘Syr,’ he sayd, ‘fore sen Iame,  
 What ys the gyantes name,  
 So Euyr good me sped?’  
 ‘Syr,’ he seyde, ‘so mvt I the,  
 Slogus of Fuolles, thus hyte hee,  
 That wyt ys vndyr wede.’ . . . . .
- 745  
 and says the Giant  
 Rocheuse was  
 Slogus of Fuolles.

## (66)

- LytyH and mykyH, lese and more,  
 Wondyr on the heddes thore,  
 That Torrent had browght whome.  
 The Lordes seyde ‘Be sen MyheH!  
 Syr kyng, but ye love hyme wyH,  
 To yow yt ys gret schame!’  
 Torent ordeynyd prystes fyve,  
 To syng for hys squyerys lyve,  
 And menythe hym by name.  
 Therfor the lady whyt ase swane  
 To Torrant, here lord, sche went than,  
 Here hert wase to hyme tane.
- 750  
 755  
*f. 90a.*  
 760    Desonell gives her  
 heart to Torrent.

738. *quod*] om. (!) MS.739. *sybbe*] *sykke* MS.742. *knyght hys*] *knyghtes* MS.    743. *in d.*] *on ground* MS.752. *browght*] *ho* add. (!) MS.753. *The*] om. MS.    *seyd*] *he* add. MS.    *Myhelle*] *my her*, *r*  
 corrected to *he* with paler ink.756. *prystes*] *V* add. (!) MS.

(67)

Lettyrres come ther *withalle*  
 To the kyng of Portynggall,  
 To ax hys doughttyr Derre,  
 Fro the kyng of Eragon, 765  
 To wed her' to hys yongeest son,  
 The lady, that ys so clere.  
 For Torrent schuld not her' haue,  
 For hyme fyrst he here gafe,  
 To the messenger, 770  
 And hys *way* fast ageyn dyd pase,  
 Whyle Torrent an' huntynge wase,  
 Ther of schuld he not be were.

(68)

On a mornynge, ther ase he lay,  
 The kyng to the quene gan sey : 775  
 'Madame, for cheryte,  
 Thow art oftyn hold wyse ;  
 Now wol ye tell me yowr deuyce,  
 How I may governe me :  
 The Ryche kyng hathe to me sent, 780  
 For to aske my doughttyr gente  
 That ys so feyer' and fre.'  
 'Syr,' sche Seyd, 'so god me saue,  
 I Red yow let Torent her haue, f. 90b. 785  
 For best worthy ys he.'

(69)

He sayd : 'Madame, were that feyer',  
 To make an erlles sone myn Eyer ?  
 I wiil not, by sen Iame !  
 There he hathe done maystres thre,  
 Yt ys *hys* swerd, yt ys not he, 790  
 For Hatheloke ys ys name.'

762. *ther withalle*] *hetherward* MS. 769. *For*] *To* MS.771. *way*] *om.* MS. 773. *were* MS.775. *The (quene to the) kyng to the quene gan sey* MS.779. *That how* MS. 781. *aske*] *aske* MS. 790. *hys*] *om.* MS.



'Lord, he myght fuH wyH sped,  
 A knyghtes dowghttyr wase hyme bed,  
 Ase whyt ase walles bane ;  
 And yf ye warne hyme DesoneH, 795  
 All that ther of here tell,  
 Ther of wyH speke schame.'

## (70)

'Madam, vnto thys tyd  
 There lythe a gyant here be-syd,  
 That many a man hathe slayne. 800  
 I schah hyght hym my dowghttyr' dere,  
 To fyght with that fyndes fere,  
 Thus he hohlythe hyme in trayne.  
 But I schah make myn commnant so,  
 That there schah non with hyme go, 805  
 Neyther squyer' ne swayne.'  
 'Syr,' sche seyd, 'so mvt I the,  
 So sore be-stad hathe he be,  
 And wyH commyn a-geyne !'

## (71)

Tho the belles be-gan to Ryng, 810  
 Vpe Rose that Ryche kyng,  
 And the lady *so fre*,  
 And aftyr-ward they went to mase, f. 91a. He and his Queen  
 Ase the law of holy chyrge wase, go to Mass.  
 With notes and solemnyte. 815  
 Trompettys on the waH gan blowe,  
 Knyghtes semlyd on a Rowe,  
 Gret joy wase to see.  
 Torrent a syd bord began,  
 The squyeres nexte hym than, 820  
 That good knyghtes schuld be.

794. *swalles* (!) MS. bone MS. 796. *All]* *And* MS.806. *Neyther*] om. MS. 812. *so fre*] *in fere* MS.815. *nettes* (!) MS.

## (72)

The King asks  
Torrent if he'll

Ase they sat a-myddes the mete,  
The kyng wold not foreget;  
To Torrent the kyng gan sey,  
He seyð: 'Torrent, so god me saue, 825  
Thow woldes fayne my dowghttyr haue  
And hast lovyd her many a day.'  
'Ye, be trouthe,' seyð Torrent than,  
'And yf þat I were a Ryche man,  
Ryght gladly, *par ma fay!*' 830  
'Yf thow durst for her sake  
A poynt of armys vndyrtake,  
Thow broke her weð fore ay!'

do a deed of arms  
for Desonell.

## (73)

'Yes,' says Tor-  
rent.

'Ye,' seyð Torrent, 'ar I ga,  
Sekyrnes ye schaff me ma 835  
Of yowr dowghttyr hend,  
And aftyrward my ryghtys,  
Be-fore XXVII knyghtes.' . . . . .  
And all were Torrentes frende.  
'Now, good *seris*,' gan Torrant sey, f. 91b. 840  
'Bere wittnes her of som Daye,  
A-geyne yf god me send!'

## (74)

'Then go to  
Calabria,

Torrent seyð: 'So mvt I the  
Wyst I, where my jorney schold be,  
Thether I wolde me dyght.' 845  
The kyng gaff hyme an answe:re  
'In the lond of Calabur ther'  
Wounnythe a gyant wyhte,

822. *a*] so F. III; *the* MS. 825. *saue*] so F. III; *sped* MS.

830. *gladly*] so F. III; *glad* MS.

831. *for h. s.*] so F. III; *par ma fay* MS.

833. *broke*] so F. III; *breke* MS.

834. *go* F. III; *gan* *Rage* MS. 835. *make* MS.

839. *frenddes* MS. 844. *be*] om. MS.

845. *wolde*] so F. III; om. MS.

848. *wyhte*] so F. III; *whyte* MS.

And he ys bothe strong and bold,  
 Slochys he hygght, I the told, 850  
 God send the that waye Ryght!'  
 Than quod Torrent: 'Haue good day,  
 And, or I come a-geyn, I schall asay,  
 Whether the fynd can fyght.'

and fight the  
 Giant Slochys.'

## (75)

Tho wold he no lenger a-byde, 855  
 He toke ys wey for to Ryde  
 On a sted of gret valewe.  
 In to a chambyr he gas,  
 Hys leue of DesoneH he tas,  
 Sche wepte, all men myght Rewe; 860  
 He seyde: 'Lady, be styH!  
 I schall come a-geyn the tyH,  
 Thurrow helpe of Marry trewe.'  
 Thus he worthe on a stede. starts,  
 In hys wey Cryst hym sped, 865  
 Fore he yt no thyng knewe!

## (76)

He toke hym a Redy wey,  
 Thurrow Pervyns he toke the wey,  
 As hys Iorney felH. f. 91a.<sup>1</sup>  
 TyH the casteH Be the See, 870  
 An hy stret heldythe hee,  
 Ther the kyng *dyd* dwelle.  
 To the porter he gan seye:  
 'Wynd in, fellow, I the pray,  
 And thy lord than teth, 875

and rides to  
 the Castle of the  
 King of Provyns.

851. *that w.*] so F. III; *ways* MS. 852. *good*] *goo* MS.  
 853. Space left here for an initial letter of the largest size in MS.  
 856. *Ryde*] *ryght* MS. 858. *gas*] *gothe* MS.  
 859. *tas*] *toke* MS. 862. *the*] *than* MS. 868. *pvys* MS.  
 871. *And* MS. 872. *dyd dw.*] *dweltyd* MS. 875. *tyll* MS.

<sup>1</sup> There are two folios 91 in the MS.

Pray hym, on won nyght in hys sale  
 To harburrow Torrent of Portynggale,  
 Yf yt Bee ys wiH !'

## (77)

The King of Provyns	The porter Dyd hys commandment, To the kyng he ys wente	880
	And knelyd vppon ys kne : 'God blyse þe, lord, In thy sale ! Torrent of Portynggale Thus sendythe me to the ; He praythe yow, yf ye myght, To harburrow hym thys won nyght, Yf yowr wiH yt bee.'	885
welcomes Torrent, and	The kyng swere be hym, þat dyed on tre : 'There ys no man in crystyante More welcome to me !'	890

## (78)

feeds him.	The kyng a-Rose and to the gat yod, Lordes and other knyghtes good, That were glad of hys commynge. In to the hale he hyme browght, Ryche met spare they nowght, Be-fore Torrent fore to bryng. 'Syr,' sayd the kyng, 'I pray the, Where be thy men off armys free, That with the schuld leng ?' 'Syr, to a lord I mvst Ryde, My squyer hongythe be my syde, No man schaf with me wend.'	895  f. 91b.  900
Torrent's sword is his only Squire.		

## (79)

	'Syr,' seyde the kyng, 'I pray the, Where schaf thy ded of armys bee, Yf yt be thy wyH ?'	905
--	---	-----

878. *Yf ys wille to Bee* MS. 892. *knyges* MS.  
 899. *leng] wynd* MS.

'Syr,' he seyð, 'vttyrly,

At Calabur, sekryrly,

I ame aH Redy ther tyH

With a squyer, þat wiH can Ryde ;

Fast be the see Sydde

910

Schuld we pley ownr fyle ;

And wot ye wyH and vnderstond,

Ther schalH no knyght come nere hond

Fore dred of denttes yH.'

(80)

The kyng seyð : ' Be goddes ore,

915 The King of  
Provyns warns

I Rede, þat þou come not thore,

Fore why, I wyH the seye :

Meche folke of that contre

Come hether for sokor' of me,

Bothe be nyght and day ;

920

There ys a gyant of gret Renowne,

He dystrowythe bothe sete and towyn

him against the  
terrible Giant  
there,

And aH þat euyr' he may ;

And ase the boke of Rome dothe teH,

He wase get of the deweH of heH,

925

As hys moder on slepe lay.'

(81)

The kyng Seyð : ' Be seynt Adryan,

f. 92a.

I Rede, a nother JentyH mane

Be there and haue the gre :

I haue a dowghttyr, þat ys me dere,

930

Thow schalt here wed to thy fere,

And, yf yt thy wyll be,

Two duchyes in londe

and offers him  
his Daughter  
and 2 Duchies  
instead.

I wille geve here in hande.'

'Gramarey, syr,' sayð he,

935

915. *kynges* (!) MS.

916. *there* MS.

922. *sete*] second *e* corr. out of *a* MS.

929. *the*] so F. IV ; om. MS. *degre* MS.

932. So F. IV ; om. (!) MS. 933. *londe*] *honde* F. IV ; om. MS.

935. *syr s. h.*] so F. IV ; *seyð he thane* MS.

Torrent says he  
must keep his  
troth.

'With my tonge so haue I wrowght,  
To breke my day than wið I nowght,  
Nedys me behovythe ther to bee.'

(82)

'In goddes name,' the kyng gane sayne,

'Iesu send the wið a-geyne, 946

Lord so mekyH of myghte !'

Menstrelles was them a-monge,

Trompettes, harpys, and myrre songe,

Delycious nottis on hyght.

When tyme was, to bed they wente ; 945

On the morrow Rose Torrente

And toke leve of kyng and knyght

He starts, And toke a Redy weyye,

Be a see syd as yt laye,

God send hym gattes Ryght ! 950

(83)

A hye stret hathe he nome,

reaches Calabria, In to Calabur he ys come

With in to days ore III ;

Soo come ther folkes hym a-geyne,

Fast folloyng with cart and wayne, 955

Fro-ward the sytte.

'Dere god !' seyð Torrent nowe,

'Leve folkes, what Eylllythe yow,

Soo fast fore to flee ?'

and hears of the Giant. 'There ys a gyante here be-syde, 960

In ale thys covntre fare and wyde

No mane on lyve levythe hee.' f. 92b.

(84)

'Dere god,' sayð Torrant thane,

'Where schaff I fynd that lothly man ?'

Ther they answerd hym anone : 965

947. of] so F. IV ; on MS. 948. toke] so F. IV ; to MS.

951. nome] so F. V ; none MS. 952. come] so F. V ; gone MS.

958. yow] nowe add. (!) MS. 964. lothly] so Hall. ; lovely MS.

965. anone] so F. V ; a geigne MS.

'In a castyH be-syd the see,  
Slongus, soo hyght hee,

Many a man had he slone.  
We wot wiH wher he doth ly :  
Be-fore the cyte of Hungry ;

The Giant Slongus  
is in Hungary ;  
970

He wiH not *thens* gone,  
TyH he haue the Ryche kyng'  
To hys presone for to bryngg,  
To be lord of hyme self a-lone.'

## (85)

Tho wold he no lenger' a-byd,  
But to the sytte gan he Ryde,

975

As fast as he myght fare ;  
Here barys felH and broke downe,  
And the gattes of gret Renowne

he has broken the  
City gates,

Stondyng' aH baree.

980

Men of armys stond hyme a-geyne,  
Mo than fyfty had he slayne

and slain 50 men.

With gryme wounddes and sare.  
When Torrent of hym had a syght,  
Thowe DesoneH be neuyr' so bryght,  
He will Reue hym hys chaffar'.

985

## (86)

Torrent in the storrope stod  
And prayd to god, þat dyed on Rode :

'Lord, ase thow schalt ale wyld at wyle,  
Gyff me grace to wyn the fyld,  
That thys *lothly* fynd hym yeld

Torrent prays to  
Christ for help.  
990

A-non to me tyH !

968. *slone*] so F. V ; *slaylne* (!) MS.

969. *doth ly*] so F. V ; *ys* MS.

970. *cyte*] so F. V ; *knyghthod* MS. *Hungry*] so F. V ;  
*Hongrys* MS.

971. *thens*] *thus* MS.

986. *hym*] *in* corr. out of s. MS. *chaffer* MS.

990. *wynd* (!) MS. *vndyr nethe spere and schyld* ald. (!) MS.

991. *lothly*] oim. MS.



	A man schaff But onnys Dyee,	f. 93a.
	I wiH fyght, whiH I may Dryee.'	
	He mad cher' nobyH.	995
	When he had Iesu prayd of grace,	
	He wyscheyd hyme a batteH plase,	
	Ther as hym lyst welle.	
	(87)	
	Torrent hys spere a-say be-gane,	
	Bothe schyld and spere than,	1000
	That they were sekyr and good.	
Torrent blows his horn.	Aftyr þat, with in a throwe,	
	Hys good horne gane he blowe.	
	The gyant sawe, wher' he stodde :	
The Giant Slongus, of Flonthus,	Slonges of Flonthus staryd than ;	1005
	Quod Torrent : ' Yf thow be a gentyH man	
	Or come of gentyH blod,	
	Let thy beytyng and thy Ermyght be,	
	And come prove thy strenghe on me,	
	Therfor I sowght the, be the Rodde.'	1010
	(88)	
	The gyant sayd : ' Be the Roode,	
	Dewett of heH send the fode,	
	Hether to seche me :	
says he'll wring Torrent's nose.	By the nose I schaff the wryng,	
	Thow berdles gadlyng',	1015
	That aH heH schaff thow see !'	
	The wey than to hym he toke	
	And on hys bake he bare a croke,	
His Crook is 13 ft. long.	Wase X fot long and thre ;	
	And thow he neuer so gret war',	1020
	Torrent thougth not fare to fare,	
	TyH wone of them ded bee.	f. 93b.

995. *nobill chere* MS. 998. *welle*] *were* MS.

1008. *Let be thy b. a. t. erm.* MS.

1011. *sayd*] written above the line. 1017. *he*] so F. VI ; om. MS.

1018. *he*] *her* MS. *croke*] so F. VI ; *creke* (!) MS.

1020. *were* MS.

(89)

Thoo wold Torrent no lenger' byd,

TyH the theff gan he Ryde,

Torrent charges,

Ase fast ase euyr' he may.

1025

The theff had non ey but on,

Soche sawe I neuer none,

Neyther be nyght *nor* be day.

Thurrow goddes helpe and sent Awsden

The spere *throw ye and herne gan ren.*1030 pierces the Giant's  
eye,

God send hym the Ryght wey ;

Than the theff be-gane to Rore.

AH that in the sytte wore,

Ouyr' the wallys they laye.

(90)

Thow the fyndes ey were owte,

1035

Fast he leyd hym a-bowte

AH þat somyrres nyght ;

He set ys backe to an hyH,

That Torrent schuld not come hym tyH,

So meeche þat theff covd of fyght.

1040

He bled so sore, I vndyrstond,

Hys croke feH owt of hys hond,

Hys dethe to hyme ys dyght.

Torrent to hyme Rane *with* a spere,then spears him  
thro' the body,

Thurrow the body he gan hym bere,

1045

Thus helpe hym god of myght.

(91)

AH that in the sytte were,

Mad fuH nobiH chere,

That thys fynd wase Dedde.

and kills him.

1024. *the*] *f* add. (!) MS.1028. *Blyther* (!) MS. *nor*] so F. VI; *and* MS.1030. *throw—ren*] *anon he toke to hym* MS.1033. *wore*] so F. VI; *were* MS.1040. *þat*] *f* add. MS. 1047. *That alle* MS.

- Forthe they Ran *with* stavys of tre, f. 94a. 1050  
 Torrent seyd : 'So mvt I the,  
 Kepe hole hys hed !  
 Yf yt be broke, so god me sped,  
 Yt ys wyH the worse to lede.'  
 They dyd ase *he* hem bede, 1055  
 Mo than thre hunderd on a throng  
 Yt ys solas Euyr' a-mong  
 Whan that he was dede.
- (92)
- Than the kyng of Calaber ayen hym went,  
 Torrent be the hond he hent, 1060  
 To the haH he gan hym lede  
 And comaundid squiers *two*,  
 Of hys harnes for to do  
 And cloth hyn in another wede.  
 Waytes on the waH gan blowe, 1065  
 Knyghtis assemled on a Rowe,  
 And sith to the deyse they yede ;  
 'Sir,' quod the kyng, 'of whens are ye ?'  
 'Of Portingale, sir,' said he,  
 'I com heder, to sech my dede.' 1070
- (93)
- FuH curtesly the kyng gan say  
 To Torrent on the opure day :  
 'WyH ye wend with me  
 A lituH here be-side to passe,  
 There as the Geauntes dwelling was 1075  
 His maner now for to see ?'  
 To the casteH gan they gone,  
 Richer saw they never none,  
 Better myght none be.

and takes him  
to the Giant's  
Castle.

1054. *lede*] *Reue*, struck out and *lede* added in paler ink.  
 1055. *That seson they* MS. *he hem*] *hyme* (!) MS. *bede*] *bad* MS.  
 1057 *put before* 1056 MS. 1062. *two*] *tho* MS.  
 1063. *hys*] *her* MS. 1070. *deth* MS.  
 1072. *To T.] Torrent said* MS.

'Sir,' he said, 'be god aH-myȝt,  
For thou hym slew, þat it dight,  
I vouche it saue on the,

1080 The King of  
Calabria gives  
Torrent the  
Giant's castle,

(94)

'I yeve *yt* the, *sir*, of my *hond*,  
And there-to, an erledome of *my* lond,

f. 91b.

and an Earldom.

For soth, ye shaft it haue ;  
Omage thou shalte none *nor* ffyne,  
But euer more to the and thyne,

1085

Frely, so god me saue !'  
Lordys, and ye liston wold,  
What was clepud the riche hold :

1090 The Castle's name  
is Cardon.

The casteH of Cardon, *by sawe*.  
Two days or thre dwellith he thare  
And sith he takythe *leve* to ffare,  
Both at knyght and knave.

(95)

By the kyng of Pervens he gan gane,  
That he had oute *of preson* i-tane

1095

His sou vppon a day.  
Gentilmen were blith and ffayn,  
That he in helth was comyn agayn,  
That they myght with hym play.

1100

There of herd he, *sertaynle*,  
That DesoneH wedid shold be  
With an vncouth Ray.

Torrent hears  
that Desonell is  
to marry a  
strange King.

And listonyth, lordis, of a chaunce,  
Howe he lefte his countenaunce  
And takyth hym armes gay !

1105

1081. *it*] *is* MS.

1083. *yt*] om. MS. *of*] *alle* add. MS. *hond*] *lond* MS.

1084. *my*] om. MS. 1086. *nor*] om. MS.

1091. *by s.*] om. MS. 1092. *there* MS.

1093. *leve*] *the way* MS. 1096. *of preson*] om. MS.

1101. *sertayn* MS. 1103. *unc.*] *a* add. MS.

## (96)

The King of  
Provyns knights  
Torrent.

By-fore the kyng he feß on kne :

‘ Good lord,’ he said, ‘ for charite,

Yeve me order of knyght !

I wott weß, leryd are ye, 1110

My lordys doughter shaß wed be

To a man off myght.’

‘ Sir,’ he said, ‘ I trow, she mone f. 95a.

To the prynce off Aragon,

By this day sevynnyght. 1115

Swith,’ he seith, ‘ that this be done,

That thou be there and wyn thy shone,

Gete the armes bryght.’

## (97)

Torrent has

Sir Torrent ordenyth hym a sheld,

It was ryche in euery ffeld, 1120

Listonyth, what he bare :

an azure shield  
with a gold squire  
on it;

On azure a squier off gold,

Richely bett on mold ;

Listonyth, what he ware :

and a grinning  
dragon of gold  
on the crest of  
his helmet.

A dragon lying hym be-syde, 1125

His mouth grennyng fuß wyde,

Aß ffyghtyng as they were ;

The creste, that on his hede shold stond,

Hit was aß gold shynand,

Thus provid he hym there. 1130

## (98)

Lordys assemblid in sale,

Weß mo than I haue in tale,

Or ellis gret wonder were.

He hears that  
Desonell’s  
marriage is  
certain.

There herd *he* teß ffor certan),

That Desoneß wed shold be than), 1135

That was hym selfe ffuß dere.

1110. *ye are leryd* MS. 1111. *be wed* MS.  
1115 and 1118 have changed their place in the MS.  
1122. *On* of MS. 1134. *he* 1 MS.

And whan he herd of that ffare,  
Wors tydingis than were thare,  
Might he none gladly here . . . . .

(99)

He wold not in passe, 1140  
TiH *at* the myd mete was

The kyng and meny a knyght;  
As they satt at theyre *mete* glade,  
In at the haH dur *he* rade

In armes ffeyre and bryght, 1145  
With a squier, that is ffre;  
Vp to the lady ryduth he,  
That rychely was i-dight.

Torrent rides into  
the Hall where  
Desonell is,

‘Lordys,’ he said, ‘among you aH  
I chalenge thre coursus in the haH, 1150  
*Or Delyuer her me with right!*’

and challenges  
any one to fight  
hiin for her.

(100)

The kyng of Aragon sett her bye,  
And he defendid her nobely :

‘I wyH none delyuer the.’

His son said : ‘So muste I thryve, 1155  
There shaH no man just for my wiffe ;

The Prince of  
Aragon accepts,

But yf youre wyH it be,  
For her love did I never no dede,  
I shaH to day, so god me spede :

Be-hold and ye shaH se.’ 1160

‘Alas!’ said Desonell the dere,  
‘FuH longe may I sitt here,  
*Or Torrent chalenge me.*’

(101)

Trumpettes blew in the prese,  
Lordys stond on *the grese*,  
Ladies lay ouer and be-held.

and the lists are  
made ready.

1165

1141. *at*] om. MS.      1143. *mete*] om. MS.  
1144. *he*] *they* MS.      1151. *Delyuer it me* MS.  
1165. *the grese*] *rengis* or *rengis* MS.

Torrent The prynce and Torrent then  
 Eyther to other gan ren,  
 Smertely in that ffeld ;  
 Torrent sett on hym so sore, 1170  
 That hors and man down he bore,  
 And aH to-sheverd his shield.  
 So they tombelid aH in ffere,  
 That afterward of VII yere  
 The prynce none armes myght weld. 1175

unhorsed the  
 Prince of Aragon,

## (102)

Torrent said : ' So god me saue,  
 Other two coursus wyH I haue, f. 96a.  
 Yf ye do me law of lond.'  
 Gret lordys stond styH,  
 They said nether good ne yH 1180  
 For tynding of his hond.  
 The prynce of Aragon in they barr'  
 With lituH worshipp and sydes sare,  
 He had no fote on ffor to stond.  
 Thus thes lordys justid aye ; 1185  
 Better *they* had to haue be away,  
 Suche comffort there he ffound.

and he is carried  
 indoors.

## (103)

He wold not in passe,  
 At dinner, TiH they at myd mete was, 1190  
 On the other day at none.  
 His squiers habite he had,  
 Whan he to the deyse yad,  
 With oute couped shone,  
 Torrent lays Slongus's head  
 And the hede on the bord he laid :  
 ' Lo, sir kyng, hold this,' he said, 1195  
 ' Or ellis wroth we anon !'

Torrent lays  
 Slongus's head  
 on the table.



They sett stiH at the bord,  
None of hem spake one word,  
But ryght that he had done.

(104)

Torrent at the syde bord stode : 1200

‘ Lystonyth, lordynges, gentiH of blood,

For the love of god aH-myght :

The kyng heyght me his doughter dere,

To ffyght with a ffendys ffere,

That wekyd was and wight,

1205

To wed her to my wyffe,

And halffe his kyngdome be his liffe,

And after his days aH his ryght.

[1209]

Lokyth, lordys, you among,

f. 96b.

Whether he do me ryght or wrong !’

1210

Tho waried hym both kyng & knyght.

(105)

Tho said the kyng of Aragon, i-wys :

The King of  
Aragon

‘ Torrent, I wiste no thing of thys,

A gret maister arte thou !’

The kyng sware be seynt Gryffen :

1215

‘ With a sword thou shalte her wyne,

Or thou haue her nowe :

For why, my son to her was wed,

Gret lordys to churche her led,

[1220]

I take wittnes of aH you.’

1220

‘ Kyng Calamond, haue good day,

Thou shalt i-bye it, and I may,

To god I make avowe.’

He will be  
revenged on the  
King of Portugal.

(106)

The Emperoure of Rome ther was,

Be-twene thes kynges gan he passe

1225

And said : ‘ Lordys, as sone,

1198. *They spake nether ylle ne good* add. (!) MS.

1211. *at ky*, struck out, add. MS.

1220. *you alle* MS.

To settle the  
quarrel,

This squier, that hath brought this hede,  
The kyng had wend he had be dede,

And a-venturly gan he gone : [1230]

the Emperor  
suggests a fight  
between 2  
Champions.

I rede you take a day of *ryghtes*, 1230

And do it vppon two knyghtes,

And let no man be slow !'

Gret lordys, that were thare,

This talis lovid at that fare

And ordenyd that anon. 1235

(107)

The King of  
Aragon sends to  
the giant Cate

To the kyng *the thought com* was,

To send vnto Sathanas

For a geaunt, that hight Cate,

For to make hym knyght to his hond [1240]

And sease hym in all his lond ; 1240

The messingere toke the gate. f. 97a.

Gret othes he sware hym than,

That he shold ffyght but *with* one man,

And purvey hym he bad

Iryn stavis two or thre, 1245

to fight Torrent

For to ffyght with Torent ffre,

Though he there of ne watt.

(108)

Than take counseH kyng and knyght,

On lond that he shold not ffyght, [1250]

But ffar oute in the see, 1250

on an island

In an yle long and brad ;

A gret payn there was made,

That holdyn shold it be.

Yf Cate slow Torent, that ffre ys,

for half Portugal.

Halfe Portyngale shold be his, 1255

To spend with dedys ffre ;

1230. *ryghtes*] *Restys* MS. 1232. *slayn* MS.  
1235. *that*] *than* MS. 1236. *the thought om.* MS.  
1247. *wott* MS. 1248. *couns.*] *of add.* MS.  
1251. *brod* MS.

And yf *sir* Torrent myght hym ouer-comē,

He shold haue halfe Aragon,

Was better than suche thre.

[1260]

(109)

The Gyaunt shipped in a while

1260 The Giant Cate  
comes to an  
Island.

And sett hym oute in an yle,

That was grow both grene and gay.

Sir Torrent comē prekanð on a stede,

Richely armed in his wede ;

‘ Lordyngys,’ gan he say,

1265

‘ It is semely ffor a knyght,

Vppon a stede ffor to flyght.’

They said sone : ‘ Nay,

He is so hevy, he can not ryde.

[1270]

Torrent said : ‘ EviH mut he be-tyde,

1270

Falshode, woo worth it aye !’

(110)

‘ Sir, takyth houseH and shrefte !’

f. 97b.

To god he did his hondys lifte,

And thankid hym of his sond :

‘ Iesu Cryste, I the praye,

1275 Torrent prays for  
Christ’s help,

Send me myght and strengith this day

A-yen the ffend to stond !’

To the shipp *sir* Torent went,

With the grace, god had hym sent,

[1280]

That was never ffayland ;

1280

AH the lordys of that contre,

Frome Rome vnto the Grekys se,

Stode and be-held on lond.

(111)

Whan *sir* Torrent in to the Ile was brought,

The shipmen lenger wold tary nought,

1285

But hied hem sone ageyn ;

and lands in the  
Island too.

1278. This line begins with a big initial letter. *Torent* yode,  
struck out, add. MS.

1283. On lond stode and be held MS.

The Giant	The Giaunt said : ‘ So must I the, Sir, thou art welcom to me, Thy deth is not to layn!’	[1290]
knocks Torrent’s staff out of his hand,	The ffirste stroke to hym he yauē, Oute of his hand flew his staff : That thefe was fuH fayn.	1290
	Tho <i>sir</i> Torent went nere Cate, . . . . . He thought, he wold hym haue slayn.	
	(112)	
	The theff couth no better wonne, In to the see rennyth he sone, As faste as he myght ffare.	1295
and runs into the sea.	Sir Torrent gaderid cobled stonys, Good and handsom ffor the nonys, That good and round ware ;	[1300] 1300
Torrent shies cobble-stones at him,	Meny of them to hym he caste, He threw stonys on hym so faste, That he was sad and sare.	
kills him,	To the ground he did hym feH, Men myght here the fend yeH Halfe a myle and mare.	f. 98a. 1305
	(113)	
	Sir Torent said, as he was wonne, He thankid Iesu, Maryes son), That kyng, that sent hym myȝt ;	[1310]
	He said : ‘ Lordys, for charite, A bote that ye send to me, It is nere hand nyght!’	1310
and he is towā ashore.	They Reysed a gale with a sayH, The Geaunt to lond for to trayH, AH men wonderid on that wight.	1315
Torrent is shipt to the mainland.	Whan that they had so done, They went to <i>sir</i> Torent fuH sone And shipped that comly knyght.	[1320]

1298. *gad.*] *good* add. MS.  
1300. *were* MS. 1303. *sore* MS. 1306. *more* MS.

## (114)

The emperoure of Rome was there,  
*The kynges* of Pervens and of Calabere yare, 1320

And other two or thre.

They yauē *sir* Torent, that he wan,  
 Both the Erth and the woman,

Torrent is  
 awarded Desonell,  
 territory,

And said, weH worthy was he.

Sir Torent had in Aragon 1325

The riche Cite of Cargon

and the City of  
 Cargon.

And aH that riche contre ;

Archbeshoppes, as the law feH,

[1330] Desonell is divorst  
 from the Prince  
 of Aragon.

Departid the prynce and DissonēH

With gret solempnite.

1330

## (115)

For *sir* Torent the fend did faH,

Gret lordys honoured hym aH

And for a doughty knyght hym tase ;

The kyng said : ' I vnderstond,

Thou hast fought ffor my daughter & my lond,

The King of  
 Portugal  
 acknowledges  
 Torrent,

And weH wonne her thou hase.'

1336

He gaue to *saint* Nycholas de Barr

A grett Erldome and a *simarr*

[1340]

That abbey of hym *tas*

For Iesus love, moch of myght,

1340

That hym helpith day & nyght,

Whan he to the batteH *gas*.

## (116)

Lordys than at the laste,

Echone on theyre way paste,

And euery man to his.

1345

The quene of Portingale was ffayn,

and the Queen is  
 glad.

That *sir* Torent was com agayn

And thankyd god of this.

[1350]

1320. *The kynges*] om. MS.

1321. *other*] *kynges* add. MS. or] *the* add. MS.

1337. *saint*] *sir* MS. 1338. *simarre*] *marr* MS.

1339. *tas*] *redith* MS. 1342. *gas*] *yode* MS.

The King of  
Portugal bids  
Torrent

Than said the kyng : ' I vnderstond,  
Thou hast fought for my doughter & my lond, 1350  
And art my ward, i-wys,  
And I wyll not ageyn the say ;  
But abyde halfe yere and a day,  
And broke her weill with blis !'

wait 6 months  
and a day for  
Desonell.

(117)

Torent said : ' So muste I the, 1355  
Sith it wyll no better be,  
I cord with that assent !'  
After mete, as I you telle, [1360]  
To speke with mayden Desoneill,  
Torrent To her chamber he went. 1360  
The damyseill so moche of pride  
Set hym on her bed-syde,  
And said : ' Welcom, verament !'  
Such gestenyng he a-right,  
That there he dwellid all nyght  
passes a night  
with Desonell. 1365  
With that lady gent. f. 99a.

(118)

Sir Torent dwellid thare  
Twelffe wekys and mare, [1370]  
Till letters com hym till  
The King of Norway begs  
Fro the kyng of Norway ; 1370  
For Iesus love he did hym praye,  
Yf it were his wyll,  
him to come  
and fight a  
Giant there.  
He shold com as a doughty knyght,  
With a Geaunt for to fyght,  
That wyll his londys spyll ; 1375  
He wold hym yeve his doughter dere  
And halfe Norway ffar and nere,  
Both be hold and be hyll. [1380]

(119)

Sir Torent said : ' So god me saue,		Torrent
I-nough to lyve vppon I haue,	1380	
I wyH desire no more ;		
But it be, for Iesu is sake		
A poynt of armes for to take,		
That hath helpid me be-ffore.		
I yeve the here oute of my hond	1385	gives all his land
To thy doughter aH my lond,		to the King for
Yf that I end thore.'		Desonell ;
And whan he toke his way to passe,	[1390]	
Mo than ffyfty with hym was,		
That fals to hym wore.	1390	

(120)

Syr Torent to the lady went,  
FuH curtesly and gent : . . . . .  
'DesoneH, haue good day !  
I muste now on my jurnay,  
    A kyngis lond for to fend. 1395  
Thes gold rynges I shaH yeve the,  
Kepe *them* weH, my lady ffre,  
    Yf god a child vs send !' [1400]  
She toke the ryngis with moche care, f. 99b.  
Thries in sownyng feH she thare, 1400  
Whan she saw, that he wold wend.

(121)

Shipp and takyH they dight,		and goes on board
Stede and armour ffor to ffyght		ship with his
To the bote they bare.		steed and armour.
Gentilmen, that were hend,	1405	
Toke her leve at theyre frend,		
With hym ffor to fare.		

1387. *there* MS.      1390. *were* MS.      1393. *Denoselle* MS.  
1397. *them*] om. MS.

TORRENT OF PORTYNGALE.

E



Kyng Colomond, is not to layn, [1410]  
 He wold, that he cam nevure agayn;  
 There fore god yeff hym care! 1410  
 So within the ffyfty dayes  
 He Come in to the lond of Norways,  
 Hard Contre ffound he thare.

Torrent gets to  
Norway.

(122)

Thus *sir* Torrent, for soth, is fare,  
 A noble wynd droffe hym thare, 1415  
 Was blowyng oute of the weste.  
 Of the Coste of Norway they had a sight . . . [1419]  
 Of sayling they were all preste.  
 So ffeyre a wynd had the knyght,  
 A lituH be-ffore the mydnyght 1420  
 He Rode be a foreste.

The shipmen tell  
him of a Giant.

The shipmen said: ' We be shent;  
 Here dwellith a geaunt, verament,  
 On his lond are we *kest* ! '

(123)

The maistershipmon said: ' Nowe 1425  
 I Rede, we take down sayle & Rowe,  
 While we haue this tyde. [1430]  
 Sir,' he said, ' be god allmyght,  
 The giant lieth euery nyght  
 On the mowntayn here be-syde; 1430  
 My lord the kyng wyH not ffyght, f. 100a.  
 TiH he of you haue a sight,  
 On you ys all his pryde ! '

Torrent resolves  
to land.

Sir Torrent said: ' Here my hond !  
 Sith we be ryven on this lond, 1435  
 To nyght wyH I ryde.'

1424. *kest*] *sett* MS.

1429. *lieth*] *here* add. MS.

1425. *maistershipmen* MS.

1434. *Torrent* MS.

## (124)

- Sir Torent armyd hym anon [1440] *Torrent and his  
knights arm.*  
 And his knyghtes euerychone  
 With sheld and spere in hond.  
 The shipmen said : ' As mut I thryve, 1440  
 I Rede, that euery man other shryve,  
 Or that we go to the lond.'  
 Sir Torent said : ' As god me spede,  
 We wiH firste se that ffede,  
 My lord was never failand ! 1445  
 Gentilmen, make chere good,  
 For Iesu love, that died on Rood, [1450]  
 He wiH be oure waraunt !'

## (125)

- In a forest can they passe,  
 Of BrasiH, saith the boke, it was, 1450 *They reach the  
Forest of B asill.*  
 With bowes brod and wyde.  
 Lyons and berys there they ffand  
 And wyld bestes aboute goand,  
 Reysing on euery side.  
 Thes men of armes, with trayn 1455 *The coward  
knights flee to  
the ship,*  
 To the shipp they flew agayn  
 In to the see at that tyde ; [1460]  
 Fast from land row they be-gan,  
 A-bove they left that gentilman),  
 With wyld beestis to haue kyde. 1460 *and leave Torrent  
alone.*

## (126)

- The shipmen of the same lond  
 Ryved vp, I vnderstond,  
 In another lond off hold. f. 100b.  
 To the chamber they toke the way,  
 There the kyng hym selfe lay, 1465 *False tales of  
Torrent are told  
to the King of  
Norway.*  
 And fals talis hym told . . . . .

1445. *fleand* MS.1446. *make*] *made* MS.1451. *bowes*] *broves* MS.1452. *ffound* MS.1460. *k* corrected out of *r*.

1465 put before 1464 MS.

For he wold not the geaunt abyde, [1470]  
 For all this contrey feyre and wyde,  
 Thouȝ he yeff it hym wold.

(127)

‘Sir kyng, ye haue youre selfe 1470  
 Erlis *doughty* be ten or twelfe,  
 Better know I none :

Send youre messingeris ffar and wyde,  
 For to fleȝ the geauntes pride,

That youre doughter hath tane.’ 1475

The King of  
 Norway  
 wants Torrent  
 to come.

‘I had lever to haue that knyght ;  
 With hym is grace of god allmyȝt,

To be here at his bane.’ [1480]

Fuȝ lituȝ wist that riche kyng  
 Of *sir Torrentes* ryding 1480  
 In the forest all alone.

(128)

Thorouȝ helpe of god that *with* hym was,  
 Fro the wyld bestis ganȝ he passe  
 To an hye hyȝ.

A lituȝ while be-fore the day 1485

He herd in a valey

A dynnyng and a yeȝ. [1490]

Torrent  
 rides up to  
 2 Dragons.

Theder thanȝ riduth he,

To loke, what thing it myȝt be,

What adventure *thare* be-feȝ. 1490

It were two dragons stiff and strong,

Vppon theyre lay they sat and song,

Be-side a depe weȝ.

(129)

Sir Torent said thanne

To god, that made manȝ f. 101a. 1495

And died vppon a tree :

1471. *doughty be*] om. MS.

1476. *thal*] *ky*, struck out, add. MS.

1490. *thare*] *thal* MS.

‘Lord, as thou mayst all weld, [1500] Torrent prays to  
 Yeve me grace, to wyn the feld  
 Of thes fendys on*fre*!’  
 Whan he had his prayers made, 1500  
 Pertely to hem he Rade  
 And one thorouȝ oute bare he. spears the first  
 Thus sped the knyght at his comyng Dragon;  
 Thorough the helpe of hevyn kyng:  
 Lord, lovid muste thou be! 1505

(130)

The other dragon wold not flee, . . . .  
 But shewith all his myght; [1510]  
 He smote fire, that lothely thing,  
 As it were the lightnyng,  
 Vppon that comly knyght. 1510  
 There fore *sir* Torent wold not lett,  
 But on the dragon fast he bett  
 And over-come that foule wight. and then kills  
 Tho anon the day sprong, the second.  
 Fowles Rose, mery they song, 1515  
 The sonne a-Rose on hyȝt.

(131)

Torent of the day was full blithe, [1520]  
 And of the valey he did hym swith,  
 As fast as euer he may.  
 To a mowntayn he rode ryght, 1520  
 Of a castell he had a sight He sees a Castle.  
 With towrys hyȝe and gay . . . . .  
 He come in to an hyȝe strete,  
 Few folke gan he mete,  
 To wis hym the way. 1525

1499. *onfre*] *ontreure* MS.

1507. *shotith* MS.

1525. *wish* MS.

1502. *he bare* MS.

1516. *hyȝe* MS.

## (132)

Torrent rides to  
the Norse Giant's  
castle gates.

To the gatys tho he Rade;  
FuH craftely they were made f. 101b.  
Of Irun and eke of tree. [1531]  
One tre stonding there he fford:  
Nyne oxen of that lond 1530  
Shold not drawe the tre.  
The Giaunt wrought vp his wafH  
And laid stonys gret and smaH:  
A lothely man was he.  
'Now,' quod Torrent, 'I not, whare, 1535  
My squiers be ffro me to fare,  
Euer waried they be! [1540]

## (133)

He considers  
what he shall do,

'Lord god, what is beste,  
So Iesu me helpe, Est or Weste,  
I Can not Rede to say. 1540  
Yf I to the shipp fare,  
No shipmen ffynd I thare;  
It is long, sith they were away.  
Other wayes yf I wend,  
Wyld bestis wyH me shend: 1545  
Falshe, woo worth it aye!  
I ffyght here, Iesu, for thy sake; [1560]  
Lord, to me kepe thou take,  
As thou best may!'

and resolves to  
fight.

## (134)

He baits his  
steed.

Down light this gentiH knyght, 1550  
To Rest hym a lituH wight,  
And vnbrydelid his stede  
And let hym bayte on the ground,  
And aventid hym in that stound,  
There of he had gret nede. 1555

1526. *role* MS.    1529. *ffound* MS.    1532. *welle* MS.  
1535. *wot* MS.    1537. *they*] *thou* MS.    1540. *say*] *done* MS.  
1542. *And no* MS.    *I*] *om.* MS.    1553. *bayte*] *hym* add. MS.

The Gyaunt yode and gaderid stone  
And sye, where the knyght gan gone,

[1570]

The Norse Giant  
prepares to fight.

AH armed in dede ;

f. 102a.

And wot ye weH and not wene,  
Whan eyther of hem had other sene,

1560

Smertely *they* rerid her dede.

(135)

For that *sir* Torent had hym sene,  
He worth vppon his stede, I wene,

And *Iesu* prayde he tiH :

‘ Mary son, thou here my bone,  
As I am in venturus stad come,

1565

Torrent prays to  
Christ,

My jurnay *to* fuH-ffyh !’

[1580]

A voys was fro hevyn sent

And said : ‘ Be blith, *sir* Torent,

And yeve the no thing yH,

1570

and is cheerd by  
a voice from  
Heaven.

To ffyght with my lordys enemy :

Whether that thou lyve or dye,

Thy mede the quyte he wyH !’

(136)

Be that the giaunt had hym dight,

Cam ageyn that gentiH knyght,

1575

The Giant  
advances against  
Torrent.

As bold as eny bore ;

He bare on his nek a croke,

[1590]

Woo were the man, that he ouertoke,

It was twelfe ffote and more.

‘ Sir,’ he said, ‘ ffor charite,

1580

Loke, curtes man that thou be,

Yf thy wyH ware :

I haue so fought aH this nyght

With thy II dragons wekyd and wight,

They haue bett me fuH sore.’

1585

1561. *they*] om. MS. 1566. *sad* MS. 1567. *to*] *than* MS.

1573. *He wyllc quyte the thy mede* MS.

## (137)

The Giant says he'll punish	The Geaunt said : ' Be my fay, Wors tydinges to me this day I myght not goodly here. Thorough the valey as thou cam,	[1600]
Torrent for kill- ing his 2 Dragons	My two dragons hast thou slan, My solempnite they were. To the I haue fuH good gate ;	1590 f. 102b.
and his Brother Cate.	For thou slow my brother Cate, That thou shalte by fuH dere !' Be-twene the giaunt and the knyght Men myght se buffettes right, Who so had be there.	1595 [1610]

## (138)

	Sir Torent yaue to hym a brayd ; He levid that the aungeH said, Of deth yaue he nought. In to the brest he hym bare, His spere hede lefte he thare, So eviH was hitt <i>bythought</i> .	1600
The Giant's crook cuts through Torrent's shield to his flesh,	The Giaunt hym ayen smate Thorough his sheld and his plate, In to the flesh it sought ; And sith he pullith at his croke,	1605 [1620]
and sticks there.	So fast in to the flesh it toke, That oute myzt he gete it nought.	

## (139)

On hym he hath it broke, Glad pluckys there he toke, Set sadly and sare.	1610
--	------

1590. *slayne* MS. 1600. *nought*] *no dynt* MS.  
1603. *byth.*] *mynt* MS.  
1612. *sore* MS.



Sir Torent stalworth satt,  
 Oute of his handys he it gatt,  
 No lenger dwellid he thare. 1615  
 In to the water he cast his sheld,  
 Croke and aH to-geders it held, [1630] Torrent throws  
his shield and the  
Giant's crook into  
the water.  
 Fare after, how so euer it ffare.  
 The Geaunt folowid *with* aH his mayn,  
 And he come never quyk agayn: 1620 The Giant goes  
in after them  
and is drowned.  
 God wold, that so it ware.

(140)

Sir Torent bet hym there, f. 103a  
 TiH that this fend did were,  
 Or he thens wend.  
 On hym had he hurt but ane, 1625  
 Lesse myght be a *mannus* bane,  
 But god is fuH hend : [1640]  
 Thorough grace of hym, that aH shaH weld,  
 There the knyght had the feld,  
 Such grace god did hym send. 1630 Torrent rides  
to the Giant's  
castle,  
 Be than it nyed nere hand ny3t,  
 To a casteH he Rode right,  
 AH nyght there to lend.

(141)

In the casteH found he nought,  
 That god on the Rode bought ; 1635  
 High vppon a toure,  
 As he caste a side loking, [1650]  
 He saw a lady in her bed syttyng, and finds a fair  
Lady there.  
 White as lylve floure ;  
 Vp a-Rose that lady bryght, 1640  
 And said : ' Welcom, *sir* knyght,  
 That fast art in stoure !'

- 'Damysel, welcom mut thou be!  
 Torrent asks for  
 a night's lodging.  
 Graunt thou me, for charite,  
 Of one nyghtis sojoure!' 1645  
 (142)  
 'By Mary,' said that lady clere,  
 'Me for-thinkith, that thou com here, [1660]  
 The Lady says  
 the Giant  
 Weraunt will  
 kill him.  
 Thy deth now is dight;  
 For here dwellith a geaunt,  
 He is clepud Weraunt, 1650  
 He is *to* the deviH be-taught.  
 To day at morn he toke his croke,  
 Forth at the yates the way he toke,  
 And said, he wold haue a draught; f. 103b.  
 And here be chambers two or thre, 1655  
 In one of hem I shaH hide the,  
 God the saue ffrome harmes right!' [1670]  
 (143)  
 'Certayn,' tho said the knyght,  
 'That theffe I saw to nyght,  
 Here be-side a slade. 1660  
 Torrent tells  
 her to  
 He was a ferly freke in flyght,  
 With hym faught a yong knyght,  
 Ech on other laid good lade;  
 Me thought weH, as he stode,  
 He was of the fendus blood, 1665  
 So Rude was he made.  
 Dame, yf thou leve not me, [1680]  
 Com nere, and thou shalt se,  
 come and see  
 the Giant.  
 Which of hem abade.'  
 (144)  
 Blith was that lady bryght 1670  
 For to se that *selly* sight:  
 With the knyght went she.

1645. *socoure* MS.      1650. *Weraunt*] *weraunt* (?) MS.  
 1651. *to*] *of* MS.      1660. *slate* or *flate* MS.      1663. *lode* MS.  
 1669. *abode* MS.      1671. *selly*] *om.* MS.

Whan she cam, where the Geaunt lay,

‘Sir,’ she said, ‘parmaffay

I wott weH, it is he.

1675

The Norwegian  
Princess sees the  
Giant's corpse,

Other he was of god aH-myght

Or seynt George, oure lady knyzt,

[1690]

That there his bane hath be.

Yf eny cryston man smyte hym down,

He is worthy to haue renoun

1680 and praises his  
slayer.

Thorough oute aH crystiaunte.’

(145)

‘I haue wonder,’ said the knyght,

‘How he gate the, lady bryght,

Fro my lord the kyng.’

‘Sir,’ she said, ‘verament,

f. 104a.

1685 She tells Torrent

As my fader on huntynge went

Erly in a mornynge,

[1700]

Fore his men pursued a dere,

To his casteH, that stondith here,

That doth my hondys wryng,

1690

This Giaunt hym toke, wo he be!

For his love he geuith hym me,

that her Father  
gave her, as his  
ransom, to the  
Giant.

He wold none other thinge.’

(146)

Forth she brought bred and wyne,

Fayn he was for to dyne . . . . .

1695

This knyght made noble chere,

Though that he woundid were

[1710]

With the Geaunt strong.

(147)

Sir Torrent dwellid no lenger thare,

Than he myzt away fare

1700 Torrent takes  
her away.

With that lady bryght.

Torrent longs  
for Desonell.

‘ Now, Iesu, that made heft,  
Send me on lyve to Desoneft,  
That I my trouth to plight!’  
Tho sye they be a forest syde 1705  
Men of armes ffaste ride  
On coursers comly dight. [1720]  
The lady said : ‘ So mvst I thee,  
It is my fader, is com for me,  
With the Geaunt to ffyght.’ 1710

The Norwegian  
Princess sees her  
Father.

(148)

An harood said anon right :  
‘ Yon I se an armed knyght,  
And no squier, but hym one :  
He is so *big* of bone & blood,  
He is the Geaunt, be the Rode!’ 1715  
Som seith, he riduth vppon.  
‘ Nay,’ said the kyng, ‘ verament, f. 104b. [1820]  
It is the knyght, that I after sent,  
I thanke god and seynt Iohn,  
For the Geaunt slayn hath he 1720  
And wonne my doughter, weft is me!  
Ah his men are atone!’

Torrent is  
recognised

(149)

Wott ye weft, with Ioy and blis  
Sir Torent there recevid ys,  
As doughty man of dede. 1725  
The kyng and other lordys gent  
Said, ‘ Welcom, sir Torent, [1830]  
In to this vncouth *thede*!’  
In to a state they hym brought,  
Lechis sone his woundis sought; 1730  
They said, so god hem spede,

and welcomd  
by the King of  
Norway.

His wounds are  
drest.

1714. *big*] *long* MS. 1722. *at.*] *lanc* MS.  
1728. *thede*] *loud* MS.

Were there no lyve but ane,  
His liffe they wyH not vndertane,  
For no gold ne ffor mede.

(150)

The lady wist not or than,	1735	The Princess
That he was hurt, that gentilman,		
And sith she went hym tyH ;	[1840]	
She sought his wound <sup>us</sup> and said thare :		
'Thou shalte lyve and welfare,		
Yf the no-thing evyH !	1740	
My lord the kyng hath me hight,		claims Torrent
That thou shalt wed me, <i>sir</i> knyght,		as her husband.
The fforward ye to fulle ffyH.'		
'DamyseH, loo here my hond :		
And I take eny wyffe in this lond,	1745	
It shaH be at thy wyH !'		

(151)

Gendres was that ladyes name.	[1850]	Her name is
The Geauntes hede he brought hame,		Gendres.
And the dragons <i>he brought</i> .	f. 105a.	
Mene myght here a myle aboute,	1750	
How on the dede hedys they did shoute,		
For the shame, that they hem wrought,		
Both with dede and with tong		
Fyfte on the hedys dong,		
That to the ground they sought.	1755	
Sir Torrent dwellid thare		Torrent stays 12
Twelve monythis and mare,	[1860]	months in
That further myzt he nought.		Norway.

(152)

The kyng of Norway said : 'Nowe,	
Fals thevis, woo worth you,	1760
Ferly soteH were ye :	

1749. *he br.] also* MS.

1752. *they] had* add. MS.

Ye said, the knyght wold not com):

Swith oute of my kyngdome,

Or hangid shaH ye be!’

The King of  
Norway sends  
Torrent's false  
Squires to sea,

His squiers, that fro hym fled,

1765

With sore strokys are they spred

Vppon the wanne see,

[1870]

where all drown,  
save one.

And there they drenchid euery man,

Saue one knave, that to lond cam,

And woo be-gone is he.

1770

(153)

The child, to lond that god sent,

In Portyngale he is lent,

In a riche town,

That hat/ hight be her day,

And ener shaH, as I you say,

1775

The town of Peron.

He takes the  
news to the King  
of Portugal,

By-fore the kyng he hym sett,

[1880]

‘FuH weH thy men, lord, the grett,

And in the see *did* they drown.’

DesoneH said: ‘Where is Torent?’

1780

and tells Desonell  
that Torrent is  
in Norway.

‘In Norway, lady, verament.’

f. 105b.

On sownyng feH she down.

(154)

She swoons,  
and folk see she  
is big with child.

As she sownyd, this lady myld,

Men myzt se tokenyng of her child,

Steryng on her right syde.

1785

Gret Ruth it was to tet,

How her maydens on her feH,

[1890]

Her to Couer and to hide.

Tho the kyng said: ‘My doughter, do way!

By god, thy myrth is gone for aye,

1790

Spousage wyH thou none *bide*!

1774. *hatt* (!) MS.

1778. *the*] *they* MS.

1779. *did*] *are* MS. *drowned* MS.

1791. *bide*] *lude* MS.

There fore thou shalt in to the see  
And that Bastard with-in the,  
To lerne you ffor to ride.'

The King of  
Portugal declares  
he'll send  
Desonell and her  
Bastard to sea.

(155)

Erlis and Barons, that were good,  
By-fore the kyng knelid and stode  
For that lady free.

1795 His Earls

The quene, her moder, on knees feH,  
' For Iesu is love, that harood heH,  
Lord, haue mercy on me !

[1900]

and the Queen

That ylke dede, that she hath done,  
It was with an Erlis sonne,

1800

Riche man i-nough is he ;  
And yf ye wyH not let her lyve,  
Right of lond ye her yeve,  
TiH she delyuerd be !'

1805

pray for mercy  
for Desonell.

(156)

Thus the lady dwellith there,  
Tyll that she delyuerd were  
Of men children two ;

[1910]

She is delivered  
of 2 male children

In all poyntes they were gent,  
And like they were to sir Torent ;  
For his love they sufferid woo.

1810

like Torent.

The kyng said : ' So mut I thee,  
Thou shalte in-to the see

f. 106a.

With oute wordys moo.

1815

Her Father says  
she shall be sent  
out to sea.

Euery kyngis doughter ffer and nere,  
At the shaH they lere,  
AyeH the law to do.'

[1920]

(157)

Gret ruth it was to se,  
Whan they led that lady ffree  
Oute of her faders lond.

1820

She is led from  
his land.

1807. *Thus the*] so F. VII ; *This* MS.

1808. *Tyll*] so F. VII ; om. MS.

1810. *all*] so F. VII ; om. MS.

The Queen  
bewails her  
daughter's fate.

The quene wexid tho nere wood  
For her doughter, that gentiH ffode,  
And knyghtis stode wepand ;  
A cloth of silke gan they ta 1825

And partyd it be-twene hem twa,  
Therin they were wonde.

Desonell is sent  
to sea.

Whan they had shyped that lady ying, [1930]  
An hunderid feH in sownyng  
At Peron on the sond. 1830

(158)

Whan that lady was downe fall,  
On Iesu Cryste dyd she call ;  
Down knelid that lady clene :

She prays to  
Christ for her  
children.

' Rightfull god, ye me sende  
Some good londe, on to lende, 1835

That my chyldren may crystonyd bene !'

She said, ' Knyghtis and ladyes gent,  
Grete weH my lord, *sir* Torrent,  
Yeff ye hym euer sene !'

The wynd Rose ayen the nyght, 1840  
Fro lond it blew that lady bryght [1941]

Vppon the see so grene.

(159)

Wyndes and weders haue her drevyn,  
pat in a forest she is revyn,

There wyld beestis were ; 1845

She and they  
reach land.

The see was eb, and went her ffroo,  
And lefte her and her children two f. 106b.  
Alone with-oute ffere.

1827. so F. VII ; om. MS.

1828. *had sh.*] so F. VII ; *clepud* MS. *yeng* MS.

1831 f.] so F. VII ; om. MS.

1833. *clene*] *clere* MS.

1834 f.] so F. VII ; *Iesu Cryste, that com vp here*

*On this strond, as I wenyd* MS.

1836. *my ch.*] so F. VII ; *we* MS.

1844. *forest*] so F. VII ; *ffrest* MS. *she is*] so F. VII ; *be they* MS.



Her one child woke and be-gan to wepe,

The lady a-woke oute of her slepe

1850

And said : ' Be stiH, my dere,

[1951] Desonell stills her  
crying child,

Iesu Cryst hath sent vs lond ;

Yf there be any cryston man nere hond,

We shaH haue som socoure here.'

(160)

The carefull lady was full blith,

1855

Vp to lond she went swith,

As fast as euer she myght.

Tho the day be-gan to spryng,

Foules a-Rose and mery gan syng

Delicious notys on hight.

1860

To a mowntayn went that lady ffree :

[1961] goes up a  
mountain,

Sone was she war' of a Cite

With towrus fleyre and bryght.

There fore, i-wys, she was full fayn,

She sett her down, as I herd sayn,

1865

Her two children ffor to dight.

(161)

Vppon the low the lady ffound

and finds an  
Arbour there.

An Erber wrought *with* mannes hond,

With herbis, that were good.

A Grype was in the mowntayn wonne,

1870

A way he bare her yong son

[1971] A Griffin carries  
off one of her  
boys.

Ouer a water flood,

Over in to a wyldernes,

There seynt Antony ermet wes,

There as his chapel stode.

1875

The other child down gan she ly,

She puts the  
other down,

And on the foule did shoute & crye,

f. 107a.

That she was nere hond wood.

1874. *was* MS.1876. *ly*] *lay* MS.

TORRENT OF PORTYNGALE.

F

## (162)

and sorrows. Vp she rose ageyn the rough,  
 With sorofuH hert and care Inough, 1880  
 CarefuH of blood and bone . . . . . [1981]  
 She sye, it myght no better be,  
 She knelid down vppon her kne,  
 And thankid god and seynt Iohn.

## (163)

A leopard takes  
 her other boy  
 away. There come a libard vppon his pray, 1885  
 And her other child bare away,  
 She thankid god there  
 And his moder Mary bryght.  
 This lady is lefte alone ryght:  
 The sorow she made there . . . . . 1890

## (164)

The King of  
 Jerusalem sees  
 the leopard and  
 child. That she myght no further ffare : [1991]  
 'Of one poynt,' *she sayd*, 'is my care,  
 As I do now vnderstond,  
 So my children crystenyd were,  
 Though they be with beestes there, 1895  
 Theyre liffe is in goddus hond.'  
 The kyng of Ierusalem had bene  
 At his brothers weddyng, I wene,  
 That was lord of all that lond.  
 As he com homward on his way, 1900  
 He saw where the liberd lay [2001]  
 With a child pleyand.

## (165)

Each child has  
 one of Torrent's  
 rings. Torrent ha'l yeve *her* ringes two,  
 And every child had one of tho,  
 Hym with all to saue. 1905

1892. *she s.*] om. MS.1903. *her*] *his lady* MS.

The kyng said : ' Be Mary myld,  
Yonder is a liberd *with* a child,  
A mayden or a knave.'

Tho men of armes theder went,  
Anon they had theyre hors spent,  
Her guttys oute she Rave.  
For no stroke wold she stynt ;  
TiH they her slew *with* speris dynt,  
The child myght they not haue.

f. 107b. The King's men  
1910  
[2011]

kill the Leopard,

(166)

Vp they toke the child ying  
And brought it be-ffore the kyng  
And vndid the swathing band,  
As his moder be-ffore had done,  
A gold ryng they ffound sone,  
Was closud in his hond.  
Tho said the kyng of Ierusalem :  
' This child is come of gentiH teme,  
Where euer this beest hym ffound.  
The boke of Rome berith wytnes,  
The kyng hym namyd Leobertus,  
That was hent in hethyn lond.

1915 and take the  
Child to the King,

1920  
[2021]

1925 who christens him  
' Leobertus,'

(167)

Two squiers to the town gan flyng,  
And a noryse to the child did bryng,  
Hym to kepe ffrome greme.  
He led it in to his own lond  
And told the quene, how he it ffound  
By a water streme.  
Whan the lady saw the ryng,  
She said, with-oute lettyng :  
' This chuld is com of gentiH teme :

1930 and takes him to  
Jerusalem.  
[2031]

1935

1915. *yong* MS. 1923. *ffound* MS.  
1929. *grame* MS.

Thou hast none heyre, thy lond to take,  
 For Iesu love thou *sholdist* hym make  
 Prynce of Ierusalem. '

(168)

St. Anthony	Now, in boke as we rede, As seynt Antony aboute yede,	1940
	Byddying his orysoun,	[2041]
sees the Griffin	Of the gripe he had a sight, How she flew in a fflight, To her birdus was she bound.	f. 108a.
and Desonell's first boy,	Be-twene her clawes she bare a child : He prayed to god and Mary myld, On lyve to send it down.	1945
whom the bird lays at his feet.	That man was weH with god aH-my3t, At his fote gan she light, That foule of gret renown.	1950

(169)

	Vp he toke the child there, To his anter he did it bere, There his chapeH stode.	[2051]
	A knave child there he ffound, There was closud in his hond A gold ryng riche and good.	1955
St. Anthony takes the boy to his Father, the King of Greece.	He bare it to the Cite grett, There the kyng his fader sett As a lord of jentiH blood, For he wold saue it ffro dede ; A grype flew a-bove his hede And cryed, as he were wood.	1960 [2061]

(170)

This holy man hied hym tyte To a Cite with touris white, As fast as he may.	1965
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1937. *woldist* MS.  
 1954. *ffound* MS.

1951. *thare* MS.  
 1958. *sett*] *lett* MS.

The kyng at the yate stode		The King sees
And other knyghtes and lordys good		
To se the squiers play.		
The kyng said : ‘ Be Mary myld,		
Yonder comyth Antony, my child,	1970	his son Antony,
With a gryffon gay.	[2071]	
Som of his byrdus take hath he,		
And bryngith hem heder to me !’		
Gret ferly had thaye.		

(171)

The kyng there of toke good hede,	c. 1086.	1975
And a-geyn his sonne he yede		
And said : ‘ Welcom ye be !’		
‘ Fader,’ he said, ‘ god you saue !		
A knave child ffound I haue,		
Loke, that it be dere to the !	1980	who asks him to
Frome a greffon he was refte,	[2081]	adopt Desouell’s
Of what lond that he is lefte,		boy as
Of gentiH blood was he :		
Thou hast none heyre, thy lond to take,		
For Iesu love thy sonne hyn make,	1985	his heir.
As in the stede of me !’		

(172)

The kyng said : ‘ Yf I may lyve,		The King of
Helpe and hold I shaft hym yeve		Greece agrees,
And receyve hym as my son.		
Sith thou hast this lond forsake,	1990	
My riche londys I shaft hyn take,	[2091]	
Whan he kepe them con.’		
To a ffont they hym yaue,		and has the boy
And crystonyd this yong knave ;		baptized.
Fro care he is wonne.	1995	

The Boy is  
christend Antony  
Fitzgriffin.

The holy man yaue hym name,  
That Iesu shild hym ffrome shame :  
Antony fice greffoun.

## (173)

'Fader, than haue thou this ryng,  
I ffound it on this swete thing, 2000  
Kepe it, yf thou may : [2101]  
It is good in euery fight,  
Yf god yeve grace, that he be knyght,  
Be nyght *and* be day.'  
Let we now this children dwell, 2005  
And speke we more of Desonell :  
Her song was welaway. f. 103a.  
God, that died vppon the Rode,  
Yff grace, that she mete with good !  
Thus disparplid are thay. 2010

Desonell  
laments,

## (174)

wanders among  
wild beasts,

This lady walkyd aft alone [2111]  
Amonge wyld bestis meny one,  
Ne wanted she no Woo ;  
Anon the day be-gan to spryng,  
And the ffoules gan to syng, 2015  
With blis on euery bowȝe . . . . .

## (175)

and bewails her  
lost children.

'Byrdus and bestis, aye woo ye be !  
Alone ye haue lefte me,  
My children ye *have* slone.'  
As she walkid than a-lone, 2020  
She sye lordis on huntynge gone, [2121]  
Nere hem she yede fuH sone.

2002. *fight*] *sight* MS. ?

2004. *Other be* MS. *and*] *or forme of* (!) MS.

2010. *disparlid* MS. 2018. *have*] *a* corrected out of *e* MS.

2019. *have sl.*] *slough* MS.

This carfuH lady cried faste,  
Than she herd this hornes blaste

By the yatis gone,  
But *ran* in to a wildernes,  
Amongist beests that wyld wes,  
For drede, she shold be slone.

2025

Desonell flees  
from some  
hunters

(176)

TiH it were vnder of the Day,  
She went *fro* that wilsom way,  
In to a lond playn.  
The kyng of Nazareth huntid there,  
Among the hertes, that gentiH were ;

2030

[2131]

into the land  
of Nazareth.

There of she was fuH ffayn . . . . .

(177)

They had ferly, kyng and knyght,  
Whens she come, that lady bryght,  
Dwelling here a-lone.

2035

She said to a squier, that there stode :  
' Who is lord of most jentiH blood ? '

And he answerid her anon :

f. 109b.

2040

' This ys the lond of Nazareth,

[2141]

Se, where the kyng gethe,

She sees the  
King,

Of speche he is ffuH bone ;

AH in gold couerid is he.'

' Gramercy, *sir*,' said she,

2045

And nere hym gan she gone.

(178)

Lordys anon ageyn her yode,  
For she was com of gentiH blood,

In her lond had they bene :

' God loke the, lady ffree,  
What makist thou in this contre ? '

2050

whose Lords  
greet her.

[2151]

' Sir,' she said, ' I wene,

2026. *ran*] om. MS.2027. *was* MS.2030. *fro*] *in* MS.

Seynt Katryn I shold haue sought,  
Wekyd weders me heder hath brought

In to this fforest grene, 2055

Desonell says that  
her boys are dead,  
and she is left  
alone.

And aH is dede, I vnderstond,  
Saue my selfe, that com to lond  
With wyld beestis and kene.'

(179)

'Welcom,' he said, 'DesoneH,  
By a tokyn I shaH the teH: 2060

Onys a stede I the sent. [2161]

Lady gent, ffeyre and ffree,  
To the shold I haue wedid be,

My love was on the lent.'

Knyghtis and squiers, that there were, 2065

They horsid the lady there,

She is taken to  
Nazareth,

And to the Cite they went.

The quene was curtes of that lond

and welcomd by  
the Queen,

And toke the lady be the hond

And said: 'Welcom, my lady gent! 2070

(180)

'Lady, thou art welcom here, [2171]

As it aH thyn own were, f. 110a.

AH this ffeyre contree!'

'Of one poynt was my care,

And my two children crystonyd ware, 2075

That in wood were reft ffro me.'

Welcom art thou, DesoneH,

with whom she  
stays.

In my chamber for to dweH,

Inough there in shaH ye see!'

Leve we now that lady gent, 2080

And speke we of sir Torrent, [2181]

That was gentiH and ffre.



(181)

The kyng of Norway is full woo,		Sir Torrent won't
That <i>sir</i> Torent wold wend hym ffro,		stop in Norway,
That doughty was and bold :	2085	
' Sir,' he said, ' abyde here		
And wed my doughter, that is me dere !'		
He said, in no wise he wold.		
He shipped oute of the kynges sale		
And Ryved vp in Portingale	2090	but goes back to
At another hold.	[2191]	Portugal.
Whan he herd tell of Desonell,		
Swith on sownyng there he fell		
To the ground so cold.		

(182)

The fals kyng of Portingale,	2095	The false King
Sparid the yatis of his sale		Calamond of
For Torent the ffree ;		Portugal
He said : ' Be Mary clere,		tells him that
Thou shalt no wyfe haue here,		Desonell and her
Go sech her in the see !	2100	2 Boys were
With her she toke whelpis two,	[2201]	sent out to sea.
To lerne to row wold she go.'		
' By god, thou liest,' quod he,		
' Kyng Colomand, here my hond !		
And I be knyght levand,	f. 110b.	2105
I-quytt shaft it be !'		

(183)

Torent wold no lenger byde,		
But sent letters on euery side		
With fforce theder to hye.		
Theder com oute of Aragon	2110	Torrent gathers
Noble knyghtes of gret renown	[2211]	an army.
With grett chevalrye.		

Torrent's knights Of Pervyns and Calaber also  
 Were doughty knyghtes meny moo,  
 They come aH to that crye. 2115  
 Kyng Calomond had no knyght,  
 That with *sir* Torent wold fyght,  
 Of aH that satt hym bye.

(184)

and he are let  
 into the chief  
 City of Portugal,  
 There wold none the yatis deffend,  
 But lett *sir* Torent in wend 2120  
 With his men euerychone. [2221]  
 Swith a counseH yede they to,  
 To what deth they wold hym do,  
 For he his lady had slone.  
 'Lordis,' he said, 'he is a kyng, 2125  
 Men may hym nether hede ne hing.'  
 Thus said they euerychone.  
 and resolve to  
 send the false  
 King to sea  
 They ordenyd a shipp aH of tree  
 And sett hym oute in to the see,  
 Among the wawes to gone. 2130

(185)

Gret lordis of that lond [2231]  
 Assentid to that command,  
 That hold shold it be.  
 In the havyn of Portyngale,  
 There stode shippes of hede vale 2135  
 Of Irun and of tree. f. 111a.  
 A bote of tre they brought hym be-fforn,  
 FuH of holis it was born,  
 HowseH and shryfte wold he.  
 Sir Torent said: 'Be seynt Iohn, 2140  
 Seth thou gaue my lady none, [2241]  
 No more men shaH do the!'

2113. *Calaber*] *Cababer* (!) MS. 2123. *To*] om. MS.  
 2126. *hing*] *heng* MS. 2132. *comland* MS.  
 2138. *boryn* MS. 2139. *wold*] *had* MS.

(186)

The shipp-men brought *sir* Colomond  
And sent hym fforth within a stound

The false king  
Calainond is  
drownd,

As ffar as it were.

2145

Wott ye weH and vnderstond,

He come never ayen to lond,

Such stormes ffound he there.

Gret lordys of renown

and Torrent is  
made King of  
Portugal,

Be-toke *sir* Torent the crown

2150

To reioyse it there.

[2251]

Loo, lordys of euery lond :

Falshode wyH haue a foule end,

And wyH haue euermore.

(187)

Sir Torent dwellid thare

2155

Fourty days in moche care,

Season for to hold ;

Sith he takith two knyghtes,

To kepe his lond and his rightes,

That doughty were and bold.

2160

‘Madam,’ he said to the quene,

[2261]

but he gives the  
land up to the  
Queen,

‘Here than shaH ye lady bene,

To worth as ye wold.’

He purveyd hym anon,

To wend ouer the see fome,

2165

and resolves to  
go to the Holy-  
Land.

There god was bought and sold.

(188)

And ye now wiH liston a stound,

How he toke armes of kyng Calomond,

f. 111b.

Listonyth, what he bare.

On asure, as ye may see,

2170

His arms are 3  
silver ships on  
an azure field.

With syluer shippes thre,

[2271]

Who so had be thare.

2161. *He said madam* MS.

2170. This line begins with a big initial letter. *Off* MS.

For love of  
Desonell,

For Desonell is love so bryght,  
His londis he takyth to a knyght,  
And sith he is *boun* to fare.

2175

Torrent leaves  
Portugal.

'Portyngale, haue good day  
For Sevyn yere, *parmaffay*,  
*Par aventure som* dele mare!'

(189)

Sir Torent passid the Grekys flood  
In to a lond both riche and good,  
Ful evyn he toke the way

2180

[2281]

He besieges the  
City of Quarell

To the *cite* of Quarell,  
As the boke of Rome doth tell,  
There a soudan lay.

There he smote and set adown  
And yae asaute in to the town,  
That with the storye say.

2185

for 2 years, and  
then takes it.

So well they vetelid were,  
That he lay there two yere,  
Sith in the town went they.

2190

(190)

He has its  
inhabitants kild,

And tho sir Torent ffound on lyve,  
He comaundid with spere and knyffe  
Smertely dede to be;

[2291]

He said: 'We haue be here  
Moche of this two yere  
And onward on the thre.'

2195

and shares its  
booty among his  
men.

All the good, that sir Torent wan,  
He partid it among his man,  
Syluer, gold and fee;

And sith he is boun to ride  
To a Cite there be-syde,  
That was worth such thre.

f. 112a.

2200

[2301]

2175. *boun*] *home* MS. 2178. *more* MS.2182. *cite*] *see* MS. 2187. *well* MS. *says* MS.2190. *And sith in* to MS. 2196. *thrid* MS. 2198. *men* MS.

## (191)

There he stode and smote adown  
And leyde sege to the town,

Six yere there he lay.

2205

Torrent then  
besieges another  
heathen City for  
6 years.

By the VI yere were all done,  
With hunger they were all slone,  
That in the Cite lay.

All its folk die  
of hunger.

The Soudan sent to sir Torent than,  
With hunger that thes people be slan,

2210

All the folke of this Cite ;

[2311]

'Yf ye thinke here to lye,  
Ye shall haue wyne and spycery,  
I-nough is in this contre.'

## (192)

Now god do his soule mede !

2215

On the soudan he had a dede

Vppon every good ffryday.

Iesu sent hym strengith I-nough,  
With dynt of sword he hym slough,

Torrent kills  
the Sultan,

There went none quyke away.

2220

Down knelid that knyght

[2321]

And thankid god with all his myght :

So ought he wel to say.

The Cite, that sir Torent was yn,

Worldely goodis he left ther yn,

2225

To kepe it nyght and day.

## (193)

Sith he buskyd hym to ride

goes to Antioch,

In to a lond there be-syde,

f. 112b.

Antioche it hight.

Sevyn yere at the Cite he lay

2230

And had bated every good ffryday,

[2331]

Vppon the Sarjins bryght ;

and fights every  
good Friday.

2209. *The* A MS. 2209-14 put before 2203-8 MS.

2210. *slayn* MS. 2211. *thes* MS.

2230-32 put before 2227-29 MS.

And be the VII yere were gone,  
 The child, that the liberd had tane,  
 Found hym his fiht off ffyght . . . . . 2235

(194)

The King of  
 Jerusalem

The kyng of Ierusalem herd tell  
 Of this lord good and felh,  
 How doughtyly he hym bare.  
 Vppon his knyghtes can he call,  
 'Ordeyn swith among you all, 2240  
 For no thing that ye spare!' [2341]

sends 50,000  
 knights,

They buskyd hem oute of the land,  
 The nombre off ffyfty thousand,  
 Ageyn Torent ffor to flare . . . .

(195)

and his adopted  
 son Leobertus  
 (Torrent's second  
 boy)

The kyng of Ierusalem said thus : 2245  
 'My lere son, Liobertus,  
 That thou be bold and wight!  
 Thou shalt be here and defend the lond  
 From that fals traytors hond  
 And take the ordre of a knyght.' 2250  
 He yave hym armes, or he did passe : [2351]  
 Right as he ffound was,  
 On gold he bare bryght  
 A liberd of asure bla  
 A child be-twene his armes twa : 2255  
 Woo was her, that *se* it myght!

(196)

Sir Torent wold no lenger abyde,  
 But thederward gan he ride ;  
 And to the feld were brought  
 Two knyghtes, that were there in stede ; f. 113a. 2260  
 Many a man did they to blede, [2361]  
 Such woundis they wrought.

2243. *thousaid* MS. 2246. *Liobertious* MS.  
 2253. *On*] *Of* MS. 2254. *blay* (!) MS. 2255. *tway* MS.  
 2256. *ffulle woo* MS. *se it m.*] *it ought* MS.

There durst no man com Torent nere,		Torrent's son
But his son, as ye may here,		Leobertus
Though he knew hym nought.	2265	
Al to nought he bet his shild,		
But he toke his fader in the feld,		captures him.
Though he there of eviH thought.		

(197)

Whan sir Torent was takyn than,		Torrent
His men fled than, every man,	2270	
They durst no lenger abyde.	[2371]	
Gret ruth it was to be hold,		
How his sword he did vp-hold		
To his son that tyde.		
To Ierusalem he did hym lede,	2275	is taken to
His actone and his other wede,		Jerusalem
Al be the kyngis side;		
'Sir,' he said, 'haue no care,		
Thou shalte lyve and welfare,		
But lower ys thy pryde!'	2280	

(198)

Fro that sir Torent was hom brought,	[2381]	
Doughty men vppon hym sought,		
And in preson they hym thronge.		and thrust into
His son above his hede lay,		prison,
To kepe hym both nyzt and day,	2285	
He wist weH, that he was strong.		
Thus in preson as he was,		
Sore he sized and said alas,		where his son
He couth none other songe.		Leobertus hears
Thus in bondys they held hym thare	£ 1135. 2290	him lament a
A twelfmonyth and som dele mare,	[2391]	whole year.
The knyght thought ffuH long.		

2281. *hom*] *hem* MS.

2283. *And and* (!) MS. *throuȝe* MS.

## (199)

Torrent	In a mornynge as he lay, To hym selfe gan he say :	
	‘ Why lye I thus alone ?	2295
appeals to God	God, hast thou forsakyn me ? Alth my truste was in the, In lond where I haue gone !	
who once enabled him to kill Dragons and Giants.	Thou gave me myȝt ffor to slee Dragons two other thre	2300
	And giauntes meny one,	[2401]
	And now a man in wekid lond Hath myn armour and stede in hond :	
	I wold, my liffe were done !’	

## (200)

His son Leobertus hears him,	His son herd hym say soo	2305
	And in his hert was full woo, In chamber there he lay ;	
	‘ Sir,’ he said, ‘ I haue thy wede, There shaH no man reioyse thy stede,	
	Yf so be, that I may.	2310
	By oure lady seynt Mary,	[2411]
and promises to get him freed.	Here shalt thou no lenger lye, Nether be nyȝt ne be day ;	
	As I am Curtesse and hend, To the kyng I shaH wend,	2315
	And ffor thy love hym pray !’	

## (201)

	On the morow whan he Rose, The prynce to the kyng gose And knelid vppon his knee ;	
Leobertus asks the King of Jerusalem for Torrent.	‘ Sir,’ he said, ‘ ffor goddus sonne,	f. 114a. 2320
	The knyght, that lieth in the dungeon),	[2421]
	Ye wold graunt hym me !	

2299. *flee* MS. ?      2313. *Nether be day ne be nyȝt* MS.  
 2316. *ffor thy love and pray this nyȝt* MS.



I hard hym say be hym alone,

Many Geauntes had he slone

And dragons II or thre.'

2325

The kyng said : ' Be my ffay,

Be warr', he scape not away ;

I vouch hym saue on the !'

The King of  
Jerusalem grants  
Torrent to his  
elder son,

(202)

The prynce in to the preson went,

Torent by the hond he hent

2330

Oute of his bondys cold ;

[2431]

To the casteH he brought hym sone

And light flettouris did hym vppon,

tho' still fettering  
him.

For brekyng oute off hold.

The kyng said : ' Be my ffaye,

2335

And he euer scape away,

FuH dere he shaH be sold !'

' Sir,' he said, ' parmaffay,

We wyH hym kepe, and we may :

There of be ye bold !'

2340

(203)

For he was curtes knyght & free,

[2441]

At the mete sett was he

Torrent dines  
with the King,

By the kyng at the deyse.

' Sir, thou haste i-bene

At Iustis and at tornement<sup>es</sup> kene,

2345

Both in warr' and in peas :

Sith thy dwelling shaH be here,

I pray, that thou woldist my son lere,

Hys Tymber flor to asay.'

' Sir,' he said, ' I vnderstonde,

2350

Affter the maner off my lond

f. 114b.

[2451]

and promises to  
teach his son  
Leobertus  
spearcraft.

I shaH, with outen *delay*.'

2331. *And toke hym oute* MS.

2348. *I pray*] om. MS.

2352. *delay*] *lese* MS.

TORRENT OF PORTYNGALE.

G

## (204)

The jousts at  
Jerusalem.

The castle court was large with in,

They made ryngis ffor to Ren,

None but they alone.

2355

Euery of hem to opure Rade :

Feyrer Turnamentes than they made,

Men sye never none.

The prynce in armes was full preste,

Torrent's son  
Leobertus breaks  
3 shafts on his  
Father.

Thre shaftys on his fader he breste,

2360

In shevers they gan gone.

[2461]

Sir Torent said : ' So mvt I thee,

A man of armes shaft thou be,

Stalworth of blood and bone !'

## (205)

Harroldys of armes cryed on hight,

2365

The prynce and that other knyght

No more juste shaft thay ;

But lordys of other lond,

Euery one to other fford,

And sith went theyre way.

2370

The jousts last  
6 weeks.

Sixe wekys he dwellid there,

[2471]

TiH that aH delyuerd were,

That in the Cite lay.

A Feast is held.

Tho they held a gestonye,

With aH maner of mynstralsye,

2375

TyH the Sevynth day.

## (206)

Lordis with aH other thing

Toke leve at the kyng,

Home theyre ways to passe.

Torrent is  
declared victor.

That tyme they yaued Torent the floure

2380

And the gre with moch honowre,

f. 115a.

[2481]

As he weH worthy was.

2356. *Rode* MS. 2357. *Turmentes* MS. 2373. *lay*] *were* MS.

The kyng said : ' I shaH the yeve  
Liffe and lyvelode, whiH I lyve,  
Thyn armour, as it was.'

The King of  
Jerusalem  
promises to  
support Torrent.

2385

Whan he sye ffeyre ladyes wend,  
He thought on her, that was so hend,  
And sighed and said : ' Alas !'

(207)

The kyng of Nazareth home went,  
There that his lady lent,  
In his own lede.

The King of  
Nazareth

2390

[2491]

' Sir,' she said, ' ffor goddus pite,  
What gentilman wand the gre ?'

He said, ' So god me spede,  
One of the ffeyrest knyghtis,  
That slepith on somer nyghtes

2395

Or walkyd in wede ;  
He is so large of lym and lith,  
Ah the world he hath justid with,  
That come to that dede.'

2400

(208)

' Good lord,' said DesoneH,  
' For goddus love ye me tell,  
What armes that he bare !'

[2501]

' DamysetH, also muste I the,  
Syluer and asure beryth he,  
That wott I weH thare.

tells Desonell  
that the Victor  
(Torrent) has an  
armd Giant as  
his crest.

2405

His Creste is a noble lond,  
A Gyaunt with an hoke in hond,  
This wott I weH, he bare.

He is so stiff at euery stoure,  
He is prynce and victoure,

2410

[2511]

He wynneth the gree aye where.

£. 115*s*.

- (209)
- The Victor is  
a Knight of  
Portugal.
- Of Portyngale a knyght he ys,  
He wanne the townd of Raynes  
And the Cite of Quarelle ; 2415  
At the last jurney that was sett,  
The prynce, my broders son *he mett*,  
And in his hond he ffeH.  
The prynce of Grece leth nere  
There may no juster be his pere, 2420  
For soth as I you teH : [2521]  
A dede of armes I shaH do crye  
And send after hynð in hye.  
Blith was DesoneH.
- (210)
- The King of  
Jerusalem sends  
Torrent and his  
elder son Leo-  
bertus to it.
- This dede was cried ffar and nere, 2425  
The kyng of Ierusalem did it here,  
In what lond that it shold be.  
He said : ' Sone, anon right  
Dight the and thy cryston knyght,  
For sothe, theder wiH we.' 2430  
Gret lordys, that herith this crye, [2531]  
Theder come richely,  
Everymanð in his degre.  
The kyng of Grece did *make hym boun*,  
With hynð come Antony ffy3 greffon, 2435  
With moche solempnite . . . . .
- (211)
- The Jousting is  
for a lady.
- 'The kyng of Nazareth sent me,  
That there shold a justynge be  
Of meny a cryston knyght,  
And aH is ffor a lady clere, 2440  
That the justyng is cryed ffar and nere, f. 116a. [2541]  
Of menð of armes bryght.'

2415. *Quarellis* MS.  
2417. *he m.] was gatt* MS.

2416. *that]* *he* add. MS.  
2434. *make hym b.] assigne* MS.

Gret joye it was to here teh,  
 How thes kynges *with* the knyghtis feh  
 Come and semled to that flyght. 2445

(212)

There come meny another mon,  
 That thought there to haue to done, Many folk come  
to the jousts.

And than to wend her way.

Whan they come to the casteH gent,  
 A RoaH flyght, verament, 2450  
 There was, the sothe to say. [2551]

Trompes resyn on the waH,  
 Lordys assembled in the haH,

And sith to souper yede thay. They sup  
 They were recevid *with* rialte, 2455

Euery man in his degre,  
 And to her logyng went her way. and sleep,

(213)

The lordys Rosyn aH be-dene rise,  
 On the morow, as I wene,  
 And went masse ffor to here. 2460 hear Mass,

And ffurthermore *with*-oute lent [2561]  
 They wesh and to mete went, and dine,

For to the ffield they wold there.  
 After mete anon right  
 They axid hors and armes bryght, 2465

To hors-bak went thay in ffere. then mount,  
 Knyghtis and lordys reuelid aH,  
 And ladies lay *ouer* the casteH waH,  
 That semely to se were.

(214)

Than eueryman toke spere in hond,  
 And euerych to other ffond, 2470 and begin to  
joust.  
 Smert boffettes there they yeld. [2571]  
i. 1166.

2445. *semled* MS. 2446. *man* MS. 2471. *ffound* MS.

2472. *there th. y.] they yeldyd there* MS.

Torrent's 2 Sons  
joust.

The prynce of Ierusalem and his brother,  
Eueriche of hem Ran to other

Smertely in the feld . . . . .

2475

The younger,  
Antony, unhorses  
his brother  
Leobertus.

Though Antony ffygryffon yonger were,  
His brother Leobertus he can down bere;  
Sir Torent stode and be-held.

(215)

'Be my trouth,' said Torent thanne,

'As I am a cryston man

2480

I-quytt shaH it be.'

[2581]

Torent be-strode a stede strong

And hent a tymber gret and long,

And to hym rode he.

(216)

Torrent rides  
down his younger  
son.

Torrent to hym rode so sore,

2485

That he to the ground hym bare,

And let hym lye in the bent.

There was no man hyze ne lowe,

That myght make Torent to bowe

Ne his bak to bend.

2490

They justyd and turneyd there,

[2591]

And eueryman ffound his pere,

There was caught no dethis dent.

He and his sons  
are the best  
joustes.

Of aH the Justis, that there ware,

Torent the fioure a way bare

2495

And his sonnys, verament.

(217)

And on the morow, whan it was day,

Amonge aH the lordys gay,

That worthy were, *par de*,

2483 put before 2482 MS.

2485 f. : *Torrent so sore to hym rode,*

*That he bare hym to the ground MS.*

2487. *bent*] *ffeld* MS.

2493. *dynt* MS.

2496. *ver.*] *in that tyde* MS.

2499. *par de*] *in wede* MS.

DesoneH wold no lenger lend, 2500  
But to *sir* Torent gan she wend [2601]

And knelid on her kne.

She said : ' Welcom, my lord *sir* Torent !'

' And so be ye, my lady gent !'

In sownyng than fel she.

Vp they coueryd that lady hend,

And to mete did they wend

With joye and solempnite.

(218)

Dame DesoneH be-sought the kyng,

That she myght, with oute lesyng, 2510

Sytt with Torent alone.

[2611]

' Yes, lady, be hevyn kyng,

There shaH be no lettyng ;

Worthy is he, be seynt Iohn !'

Tho they washid and went to mete,

2515 All go to Dinner.

And rially they were sett

And *seruid* worthely, *echone*.

Euery lord in the haH,

As his state wold be-faH,

Were couplid with ladyes *schone*.

2520

(219)

But of aH ladyes, that were there sene,

[2621] Desonell is the fairest lady.

So ffeire myght there none bene

As was dame DesoneH. . . . .

Thes two kyngis, that doughty ys,

To the Cite come, i-wys,

2525 The Kings of Jerusalem and Greece go to the

With moche meyne *emell*.

(220)

To the casteH they toke the way,

There the kyng of Nazareth lay,

With hym to speke on high.

King of Nazareth's Castle.

2502. *And on her kne she knelid* MS.

2514. *ffor welte worthy* MS.

2517. *echone*] *verament* MS.

2520. *schone*] *gent* MS.

2526. *emell*] *om.* MS.

- At none the quene ete in the haH, 2530  
 Amongist the ladyes ouer aH, [2631]  
 That couth moche curtesye.  
 DesoneH wold not lett,  
 By *sir* Torent she her sett,  
 There of they had *envye* . . . . . 2535
- (221)
- Whan eyther of hem other be-held,  
 Off care no thyng they ffeld, L 1176.  
 Bothe her hertes were blithe.  
 Gret lordys told she sone,  
 What poyntes he had for her done, 2540  
 They be-gan to be blithe; [2641]  
 And how her *fader* in the see did her do,  
 With her she had men childre two;  
 They varied hyn fel sithe.  
 ‘Sir kyng, in this wildernes, 2545  
 My two children fro me revid wes,  
 I may no lenger hem hide.
- (222)
- The knyght yaue me rynges two,  
 Euerich of hem had one of thoo,  
 Better saw I never none. 2550  
 A Gryffon bare the one away, [2651]  
 A liberd the other, *parmaffay*,  
 Down by a Roche of stone.’  
 Than said the kyng of Ierusalem:  
 ‘I ffound one by a water streme, 2555  
 He levith *with* blood & bone.’  
 The kyng of Grece said: ‘My brother,  
 Antony my son brought me anopure.’  
 She saith: ‘Soth, be seynt Iohn?’

and how one was  
 carried off by a  
 griffin, and the  
 other by a  
 Leopard.

Leobertus and  
 Antony are  
 these boys.

2535. *envye*] *wonder* MS. 2542. *fader*] *om.* MS.  
 2546. *was* MS.  
 2556. *levith*] *yet* add. MS.



(223)

The kyng said : 'Sith it is so, 2560  
Kys ye youre fader bo, [2661]

And axe hym his blessyng !'

Down they knelid on her knee :  
'Thy blessing, ffader, for charite !'

Torrent's 2 Sons  
kneel and ask his  
blessing.

'Welcom, children ying !' 2565

Thus in armes he hem hent,  
A blither man than *sir* Torent

Was there none levyng ; f. 113a.

It was no wonder, thouge it so were ;  
He had his wiffe and his children there, 2570

He rejoices in  
them and their  
Mother,

His joye be-gan to spryng. [2671]

(224)

Of all the justis, that were thare,

A way the gre his sonnys bare,

That doughty were in dede.

Torent knelid vpon his knee

And said : 'God yeld you, lordys ffree,

2575 and thanks the  
Kings for taking  
care of them.

Thes children that ye haue fled :

Euer we wiH be at youre wiH,

What jurney ye wiH put vs tyH,

So Iesu be oure spede,

2580

With that the kyng thre

[2681] He asks the  
Kings to  
Portugal.

In to my lond wiH wend with me,

For to wreke oure stede.'

(225)

They graunted that there was,

All agree to go.

Gret lordys more and lesse,

2585

Bothe knyght and squiere ;

And with DesoneH went

Al the ladyes, that were gent,

That of valew were.

Their ships  
arrive at  
Portugal.

Shippis hal they stiff and strong, 2590  
 Maistis gret and sayles long, [2691]  
 Hend, as ye may here,  
 And markyd in to Portingale,  
 Whan they had pullid vp her sayH,  
 With a wynd so clere. 2595

## (226)

The riche quene of that lond  
 In her casteH toure gan stond  
 And be-held in-to the see.  
 ‘Sone,’ she said to a knyght,  
 ‘Yonder of shippis I haue a sight, l. 1187. 2600  
 For sothe, a grett meyne.’ [2701]  
 The Queen  
 The quene said : ‘ Verament,  
 I se the armes of *sir* Torent,  
 I wott weH, it is he.’  
 He answerid and said tho : 2605  
 ‘ Madam, I wiH, that it be so,  
 God gefe grace, that it so be !’

## (227)

welcomes  
 A blither lady myȝt none be,  
 She went ageyn hym to the see  
 With armed knyghtes kene. 2610  
 Torrent and  
his friends,  
 Torent she toke by the hond : [2711]  
 ‘ Lordys of vncouth lond,  
 Welcom muste ye bene !’  
 and swoons when  
she sees her  
daughter  
Desonell.  
 Whan she sye DesoneH,  
 Swith in sownyng she feH 2615  
 To the ground so grene.  
 Torent gan her vp ta :  
 ‘ Here bene her children twa,  
 On lyve thou shalt hem scene !’

(228)

In the CasteH of Portyngale	2620	
A-Rose trumpes <i>of</i> hede vale,	[2721]	
To mete they went on hye.		
He sent letters ffar and nere ;		Torrent holds a great feast,
The lordys, that of valew were,		
They come to that gestonye.	2625	
The Emperoure of Rome,		
To that gestonye he come,		
A noble knyght on hyze.		
Whan all thes lordys com were,		
Torrent weddid that lady clere,	2630	and weds Desonell.
A justyng did he crye.	[2731]	

(229)

So it felH vppon a day,	f. 119v.
The kyng of Ierusalem gan say :	
'Sir, thy sonne I ffound	
Lying in a libertes mouth,	2635
And no good he ne couth,	
Dede he was nere hond :	
Wold thou, that he dwellid <i>with</i> me,	
TiH that I dede be,	
And sith reioyse my lond ?' . . . . .	2640

(230)

Be fore lordys of gret renown,	[2741]	He gives his son Leobertus as heir to the King of Jerusalem ;
Torent gaue hynd his son . . . . .		
The kyng of Greece said : ' Sir knyght,		
I yeff thy son all my right		
To the Grekys flood :	2645	and his son Antony as heir to the King of Greece.
Wouch thou saue, he dweH <i>with</i> me ?'		
' Yea, Lord, so mut I thee,		
God yeld you all this good !'		

For *sir* Torent was stiff in stoure,  
 They chose hym ffor Emperoure, 2650  
 Beste of bone and blood. [2751]

(231)

Gret lordys, that there were,  
 Fourty days dwellith there,  
 And sith they yode her way ;  
 He yaue his sonnys, as ye may here, 2655  
 Two swerdys, that were hym dere,  
 Ech of hem one had they.  
 Sith he did make vp-tyed  
 Chirchus and abbeyes wyde,  
 For hym and his to praye. 2660  
 In Rome this Romans berith the crown [2761]  
 Of aH kerpyng of Renown :  
 He leyth in a feire abbey.  
 He lies in a  
 fair Abbey.

(232)

Now Iesu Cryst, that aH hath wrought,  
 As he on the Rode vs bought, c. 1196. 2665  
 He geve hvs his blessing,  
 And as he died for you and me,  
 He graunt vs in blis to be,  
*Lesse and mare, both old and ying! Amen.*

Explicit Torent of Portyngale.

2654. *And sith her way they yode MS.*2663. *leyth] in Rome add. MS.*2669. *Oute of this world whan we shalle wend MS.*

## THE FRAGMENTS.

I.<sup>1</sup>

[*The King of Portugal plots Torrent's death.*]

- [T] . . . est hym vp . . . . . 462 Desonell gives  
 . . . . . chent be for to fle Torrent a Horse  
 . . . . . ly ivyll he gone 464  
 The kynge of Nazareth sent hym me,  
 Torent, I wot-saue hym on the,  
 For better loue I none !' 467  
 Afterwarde vpon a tyde,  
 As they walkyd by the ryvers syde,  
 The kynge and yonge Torent, 470  
 This lorde wolde fayne, that he dede were  
 And he wyst nat, on what manere,  
 Howe he myght hym shent. 473  
 A fals letter made the kynge  
 And made a messangere it brynge,  
 On the ryuer syde as they went, 476  
 To Torent, that was true as stele,  
 If he loued Dyssonell wele,  
 Gete hir a faucon gent. 479  
 Torent the letter began to rede,  
 The kynge came nere and lystened,  
 As thoughe he it neuer had sene. 482  
 The kynge sayde, ' what may this be ?'  
 ' Lorde, it is sent to me  
 For a faucon shene ; 485  
 I ne wote, so God me spede,  
 In what londe that they brede.'  
 The kynge sayde, ' as I herde sayne, 488

which the King of  
Nazareth had sent  
her.

The King

treacherously

asks Torrent to  
get Desonell a  
Falcon

<sup>1</sup> In Halliwell's edition III.

	. . . . .	
	. . . . .	
from the Forest of Magdalen.	In the forest of Maudelayne	491
	II. <sup>1</sup>	
	Than sayde [the] kyn[g] vntrue,	492
	‘And ye fynde haw[k]es of great value, Brynge me one with the!’	494
Torrent agrees to do it.	Torent sayd : ‘so God me saue, Yf it betyde, that I any haue, At your wyll shall they be.’	497
	To his squyer bade he thare, After his armoure to fare, In the felde abode he ;	500
He rides	They armed hym in his wede, He bestrode a noble stede . . . . .	503
to the Forest of Magdalen,	Torent toke the way agayne Unto the forest of Maudelayne, In a wylsome way ;	506
	Berys and apes there founde he And wylde bestys great plente And lyons, where they lay.	509
	In a wode, that is tyght, It drewe towarde the nyght. By dymmynge of the day	512
gets separated from his Squire,	Lysten, lordes, of them came wo, He and his squyer departed in two, Carefull men then were they.	515
	At a shedyng of a rome Eyther departed other frome, As I vnderstande.	518
	Torent taketh a dolefull way Downe into a depe valay, . . . . .	521

<sup>1</sup> In Halliwell's edition II.

III.<sup>1</sup>

[*The King of Portugal sends Torrent to be kild by the  
Giant Slogus.*]

. . . . .	819	Torrent sits at the head of a side table.
And the good squyres after h[ym],		
That knyghtes sholde be.	821	
As they were a-myddes theyr . . .		The King asks Torrent if he'll
The kynge wolde not forgete,		
To Torente than sayd he,	824	
He sayd : 'so god me saue,		
Fayne thou woldest my dough[ter haue],		
Thou hast loued her many a d[aye].'	827	
'Ye, by my trouthe,' sayd Torente,		
'And I were a ryche man,		
Ryght gladly by my faye.'	830	
'If thou durst for her sake		do a deed of arms for Desonell.
A poynte of armes vndertake,		
Thou broke her vp for ay.'	833	
'Ye,' sayde he, 'or I go,		'Yes,' says Tor- rent.
Sykernes thou make me so		
Of thy doughter hende.	836	
Ye and after all my ryghtes		
By VII score of hardy knyghtes'		
Al they were Torentes frende.	839	
'Now, good lordes, I you praye,		
Bere wytnes of this day		
Agayne yf god me sende !'	842	
Torente sayd, 'so may I the,		
Wyst I, where my journey shold [be],		
Thyder I wolde me dyghte.'	845	
The kyng gaue hym an answ[e]re,		
'In the londe of Caleb[e]re		'Then go to Calabria,
There wonneth a gyaunte wygh[h]te]	848	

<sup>1</sup> In Halliwell's edition VI.

. . . . .  
 Slogus he hyght as I the tolde,  
 and fight the Giant Slogus.<sup>2</sup> God sende the that waye ryghte! 851

IV.<sup>1</sup>

[*Torrent is offerd a Princess of Provyns.*]

The King of Provyns warns . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 For why I wyll the saye, 917  
 Moche folke of that cowntre  
 Cometh heder for secoure to me,  
 Bothe by nyghte and by daye. 920  
 him against the terrible Giant there,  
 There is a gyaunte of grete renowne,  
 He destroyeth bothe cyte and towne  
 And all that he may. 923  
 As bokes of rome tell,  
 He was goten with the deuyll of hell,  
 As his moder slepyng lay.' 926  
 The kynge sayde, 'by Saynt Adryan,  
 I rede, a nother gentylman  
 Be there and haue the degre. 929  
 I haue a doughter, that me is dere,  
 and offers him his Daughter and 2 Duchies.  
 Thou shalte wedde her to thy fere,  
 And yf it thy wyll be, 932  
 Two duchyes in honde  
 I wyll gyue her in londe.'  
 'Gramercy, syr,' sayd he, 935  
 'With my tonge I haue so wrought,  
 Torrent says he must keep his troth.  
 To breke my day wyll I nought,  
 Nedes me behoueth there to be.' 938  
 'On Goddes name,' the kynge gan sayne,  
 'Iesu brynge the saffe agayne,  
 Lorde, moche of myght!' 941

<sup>1</sup> In Halliwell's edition V.



Mynstralsy was them amonge, With harpe, fedyll and songe, Delyceous notes on hygh[t]e.	944	
Whan it was tyme, to bed they wente, And on the morowe rose Torente And toke leue of kynge and knyght	947	
And toke a redy way.		Torrent starts,
Fragment V. <sup>1</sup>		
By the se syde as it lay, God sende hym gatys ryght !	950	
An hye waye hath he nome, Into Calabre is he come		reaches Calabria,
Within two dayes or thre.	953	
So he met folke hym agayne, Fast comynge with carte and wayne Frowarde the se.	956	
'Dere God,' sayd Torente now, 'Good folke, what eyleth you, That ye thus fast fle?'	959	
'There lyeth a gyaunte here besyde, For all this londe brode and wyde No man on lyue leueth he.'	962	and hears of the Giant.
'Dere God,' sayd Torente then, 'Wher euer be that fendes den?'		
They answered hym anone :	965	
'In a castell in the see, Slogus' they sayd 'hyght he, Many a man he hath slone.	968	
We wote full well, where he doth ly Byfore the eyte of Hungry,' . . . . .	971	The Giant Slogus is in Hungary.

<sup>1</sup> In Halliwell's edition IV.

VI.<sup>1</sup>[*Torrent fights the Giant.*]

The Giant says	. . . . .	all the wrynge,	1014
he'll wring	. . . . .	lynge	
Torrent's nose.	. . . . .	thou the	1016
	. . . . .	he toke,	
	. . . . .	bare a croke	
His Crook is 13 ft.	. . . . .	te longe and thre	1019
long.	. . . . .	ever so longe were	
	. . . . .	had no fere	
	. . . . .	yd darste thou come nere	1022
	. . . . .	nte nolengre a-byde	
Torrent charges,	. . . . .	nte wolde he ryde	
	. . . . .	ghte.	1025
	. . . . .	one eye but one,	
	. . . . .	neuer none,	
	. . . . .	nor by nyght.	1028
	. . . . .	lpe of god of heuen,	
pierces the Giant's	. . . . .	herin euen,	
eye,	. . . . .		1031
and makes him	. . . . .	gan to rore,	
roar.	. . . . .	the cyte wore,	
	. . . . .	ay.	1034
	. . . . .	es eyen were oute	
	. . . . .	boute	
	. . . . .		1037

VII.<sup>2</sup>

[*Desonell bears twins. All are sent out to sea. They reach land.*]

	Thus the lady dwelled there,	1807
	Tyll that she delyuered were	
Desonell is delivered of 2 male children	Of men chyldren two.	1809

<sup>1</sup> Printed in *Englische Studien*, VII. p. 347 f.<sup>2</sup> In Halliwell's edition I.

- Of all poyntes were they gent,  
 Lyke were they to Sir Torent, like Torrent.  
 For his loue suffred they wo. 1812  
 The kynge sayd, 'so mote I the,  
 Thou shalt into the se  
 Without wordes mo. 1815 Her Father says  
she shall be sent  
out to sea.  
 Every kynges doughter fer and nere  
 At the they shall lere,  
 Agaynst right to do!' 1818  
 Great ruthe it was to se,  
 Whan they led that lady fre She is led from  
his land.  
 Out of hir faders lande. 1821  
 The quene, hir moder, was nere wode The Queen  
bewails her  
daughter's fate.  
 For hir doughter, that gentyll fode,  
 Knyghtes stode wepynge.<sup>1</sup> 1824  
 A clothe of sylke toke they tho,  
 And departed it bytwene the chyldren two,  
 Therin they were wonde. 1827  
 Whan they had shyped that gentyll thyng,  
 Anone she fell in swownyng Desonell is sent  
to sea.  
 At Peron on the sonde. 1830  
 Whan that lady was downe fall,  
 On Iesu Cryste dyd she call.  
 To defende hir with his honde : 1833  
 'Rightfull God, ye me sende  
 Some good londe on to lende,  
 That my chyldren may crystened be[n].'  
 She sayd, 'ladies fayre and gent, 1836 She prays to  
Christ for her  
children.  
 Great well my lorde Sir Torent,  
 Yf euer ye hym se[n]!' 1839  
 The wynde arose on the myght,  
 Fro the londe it blewe that lady bryght  
 Into the se so grene. 1842

<sup>1</sup> wepande.

	Wyndes and weders hathe hir dryuen, That in a forest she is aryuen,	1845
	Where wylde bestys were.	
Desonell and her twin babes reach land.	The se was ebbe and went hem fro And left hir and hir chyldren two [Alo]ne without any fere.	1848
	Hir one chylde began to wepe, The lady awoke out of hir slepe	
She stills her crying child,	And sayde, 'be styll, my dere, Ihesu Cryste hathe sent vs lande, Yf there be any Crysten man at hande,	1851
	We shall haue socoure here.'	1854
	The carefull lady then was blythe, To the londe she went full swythe,	
	As fast as she myght.	1857
	Tyll the day began to sprynge, Foules on trees merely gan synge	
	Delicuous notes on hyght.	1860
goes up a mountain,	To a hyll went that lady fre, Where she was ware of a cyte	
	With toures fayre and bryght.	1863
	Therof I-wys she was fayne, She set hir downe, as I herd sayne,	
and sits down.	Hir chyldren for to dyght.	1866

## NOTES.

PAGE 1, line 12. Cf. ll. 118, 187, 190, 198, 558, 924, 1924, 2183.  
So in *Eglamour* (Thornton Romances), l. 408 :

‘The boke of Rome thus can telle,’

and *The Erl of Tolouse*, ed. Lüdtke, l. 1219 :

‘Yn Rome thys geste cronyculyd ys.’

See Halliwell’s and Lüdtke’s notes to these passages. I agree with both of them, that an expression like that does not earnestly refer the reader to a Latin or Italian source of the story ; there is evidently no difference at all between *in Rome* and *in romance*.

p. 1, l. 15. *wyght* has been inserted instead of *dowghtly* in order to restore the rhyme with *hyght*, *kayght*, *myght* ; cf. *Havelok*, ed. Skeat, l. 344 :

‘He was fayr man and wieth.’

p. 1, l. 17 = *Ipomadon*, l. 63. Parallel passages to this hyperbolic expression are collected in Kölbing’s note to this line (p. 364).

p. 1, l. 24. We find the same idea as here, viz. that nobody can resist the will of God, who has power over death and life, in *Sir Tristrem*, ll. 236 ff. :

‘Þat leuedi, nouȝt to lain,  
For soþe ded is sche !  
Who may be oȝain ?  
As god wil, it schal be,  
Vnbliþe.’

p. 2, l. 28. I have not met with the verb *fesomnen* anywhere else, and it is not mentioned in Stratmann and Mätzner. Halliwell, Dictionary, p. 354, explains it by ‘feoffed, gave in fee,’ doubtless regarding this very passage, although he doesn’t cite it ; might *fesomnyd* not be a corruption from *sesyd* ? cf. *Havelok*, ll. 250 f. :

‘Þat he ne dede al Engeland  
Sone sayse intil his hond.’

Hall writes to me on this word as follows : *fesomnyd* is, I am convinced, not a word at all, but a scribe’s error for *festonyd* or *festnyd* = confirmed, fixed. Comp. ‘And þat ich hym wolde myl treweþe siker faste on honde,’ Robert of Gloucester (Hearne), p. 150. For this use of *fasten*, *fastnen*, comp. ‘But my forwarde with þe I festen on þis wyse,’ Alliterative Poems, p. 47, l. 327 : ‘& folden fuyth to þat fre, festned so hard,’ Sir

Gawayne, p. 57, l. 1783: '*And þis forward, in faith, I festyn with hond,*' Destruction of Troy, p. 22, l. 636. See also Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary, ii. p. 216, under *Fest*.

p. 2, l. 30. I am by no means sure that *fede* is the original reading, but I wasn't able to find a better word rhyming with *dedde*, *wede*; even the *ne*. 'feed' means *pasture*, and that is what we expect here.

p. 2, l. 31. For my correction cf. Lüdtké's note to *The Erl of Tolouse*, l. 199, sub 2; *Eglam.*, l. 26:

'That was a maydyn as whyte as fome,'

*Ib.* l. 683:

'Crystyabelle as whyte as fome,'

where the *Percy Folio MS.* reads:

'Christabell that was as faire as sunn;'

*Chronicle of England*, l. 75 f.:

'Ant nomeliche to thy lemmon,

That ys wyttore then the fom.'

p. 2, l. 50. The alteration of *And* and *bee* into *An* and *see* seemed necessary; *sayment* is like Fr. *essaiement*, Lat. *erugimentum*.

p. 3, l. 59. Cf. l. 1216 f. and *The Lyfe of Ipomydon*, ed. Kölbing, l. 1795:

'If thou hyr haue, thou shalt hyr bye.'

p. 3, l. 77 f. As half of the stanza is lost, it is impossible to make out to whom *they* refers. Nor do I believe that l. 78 is correct, especially as to *chaunce*.

p. 3, l. 79. Cf. *Ipomadon*, ed. Kölbing, l. 8123:

'A myle wyth in the Grekes see.'

p. 3, l. 80. *in an yle* is certainly the correct reading; *mauyle* was introduced by a scribe who supposed it to be the giant's name; but that is mentioned some twenty lines later.

p. 5, l. 136. The correction of *lyght* into *ryght* I owe to Hall, who refers me to the legend of *Sancta Maria Egyptiaca*; cf. f. i. Barbour's *Legends of Saints*, ed. Horstmann, I. p. 143 ff.

p. 6, l. 153. *nowyd* = 'anoyed' gives a poor sense. Hall suggests *nowtyd*; cf. E. D. S., No. 6, Ray's *North Country Words*, p. 59, *note*, to push, strike or soar, with the horn, as a bull or rain,' ab. A.S. *huitan*, ejusdem significationis. The word might then mean 'spurred.'

p. 6, l. 171 = l. 596. This alliterative binding is a very frequent one; cf. *Sir Orfeo*, ed. Zielke, p. 9.

p. 7, l. 188. The same rhyme, which I have restored here, occurs l. 559 f.

p. 7, l. 190. *Yt tellythe* = *Yt is told*; cf. Lüdtké, note to *The Erl of Tolouse*, l. 1070, and Sarrazin, note to *Octavian*, l. 1749.

p. 9, l. 236. I was about to write, *Crystyn men thou they were*, referring this line to the guardians of the lions; but, no doubt, Hall's reconstruction of the line, which I have put into the text, is far better.

p. 9, l. 237. *His browys were bla*, i. e. he turned pale, he was struck with fear; cf. *bloo askes*, P. Pl., l. 1553, and the German *aschfaßl*. Quite a similar expression occurs in *Perceval*, l. 687 f.:

‘Now sone of that salle wee see,  
Whose browes schalle blakke.’

*Ib.* l. 1056:

‘His browes to blake.’

p. 9, l. 245. Though *syghyng* gives no offence, still it may be, that the author has written *syngyng*, and the scribe was wrong in altering it; cf. Zupitza’s note to *Guy*, l. 5424.

p. 9, l. 251. Cf. l. 802, 1204, *Ipomadon*, l. 6481 f.:

‘Your nece of Calabyre, that lady clere,  
Ys bovynden wyth a fendes fere.’

*Reliquie Antiquæ*, i. p. 241:

‘He seith bi nyte and eke bi day,  
That hy beth fendes ifere.’

p. 10, l. 265 f. The reading of these two lines is quite destroyed by the careless scribe. My correction is not more than an attempt to restore the rhyme.

p. 10, l. 277 ff. There is nothing in Torrent’s words which could lead the princess to a conclusion like that. I think that after l. 276 one stanza is wanting.

p. 11, l. 286-8. As to the contents of these lines, Köllbing refers me to *Englische studien*, vol. IV. p. 133 f., where F. Liebrecht mentions a passage in *Sir Beves of Hamtoun*, according to which a king’s daughter,—if she is a pure virgin,—can never be hurt by a lion. Here we have another proof for this remarkable bit of folk-lore.

p. 11, l. 292 = l. 329.

p. 11, l. 303 = l. 342.

p. 11, l. 305. I am not quite sure whether I was right in substituting the prince’s name—which is mentioned once more, the first time, as it were, l. 341—for the name of his father’s kingdom; but I didn’t see any other way of restoring the rhyme.

p. 12, l. 311. Cf. l. 469 and Skeat’s note to *Sir Thopas*, l. 1927.

p. 12, l. 334. Instead of *he* I should prefer to read *they*: Torrent has just admonished the prisoners to cheer up.

p. 13, l. 344. There must be something wrong in this line, because the name of the third Earl’s son is missing; to write *the third* instead of *of* may not suffice to put the text right; even the names *Torren* and *Berwoeyne* seem to me very suspicious.

p. 14, l. 379. Cf. *Ipomadon*, l. 4245, for *Crystys dede*; *Crystys* was substituted by Köllbing for *mannes*, which is clearly wrong; he could as well have chosen *godes*.

p. 15, l. 393 ff. Cf. Köllbing’s note to *Tristrem*, l. 736.

p. 16, l. 427. Of this allusion to Veland, Halliwell treats in his



edition of *Sir Torrent*, p. vii f. Cf. Zupitza, *Ein zeugnis für die Wielandsage*, *Zeitschrift für deutsches Alterthum*, Vol. XIX, p. 129 f.

p. 16, l. 429-31. The line which follows l. 429 in the MS. is superfluous; it damages the metre; and the rhyme with l. 430 won't do. The old king wishes to say: 'I have seen the day when, if this sword wielded by me fell on any one, he was considered done for, doomed to death.' Therefore l. 431, *I faught therfor I told* has been corrected into *Fawe they were I-told*. The scribe did not understand the obsolescent word *fawe* or *faye*, so he wrote the nearest word to it to make sense, *I-told* = 'held, considered.'—I. Hall.

p. 17, l. 458. Cf. Breul's note to *Sir Gowther*, l. 410.

p. 17, l. 465. Cf. l. 2061 f.

p. 20, l. 542. The scribe, who evidently didn't know the pretty rare word *clow*, has spoilt it to *colod*, or *colvd*; the same rhyme, *clou3*, *drou3*, *anou3* occurs in *Sir Tristrem*, l. 1761 ff. Nor did the scribe know the word *swowe* = 'noise,' and changed it to *swayne*; cf. Hall. Dict., p. 843: *He come to him with a swowe*.

p. 20, l. 543. *Of and on*, off and on, intermittently.

p. 21, l. 555. *schylt* is not to the point here, *Torrent* having only his sword at hand. The scribe has forgotten what he has said himself, l. 526 and 549; cf. l. 652.

p. 21, l. 582-4. We meet with this description twice more in the poem, ll. 1514-16, and ll. 1858-60.

p. 23, l. 640. On the meaning of *theff*, cf. Kölbing's note to *Am.* and *Amil.*, l. 787.

p. 24, l. 659. *of Perowne* is certainly wrong, as it does not agree with the rhymes *stere*, *nere*, *ferre*; but I don't know how to amend the line.

p. 24, l. 662. *schere* gives no meaning; I write *stere* and translate, There might nobody move further, i. e. the giant was brought to a standstill in the glen.

p. 24, l. 665. Cf. ll. 434, 791.

p. 25, l. 688. Cf. *Eglam.*, l. 324:

'And to [the] herte hym bare.'

The weak preterit tense of *berien* is very rare; if *bere* = A.S. *beran* sometimes has the same meaning, i. e. 'to strike,' the reason is that A.S. *beran* and Icel. *berja* are confounded.

p. 25, l. 696. *woo* can hardly stand for *wood*. It seems to me like a last corruption of an old romance phrase, like *worthy inwith wall* (*wowe*); possibly the line was simply so: *Thus in II journeys Torrent so*.—Hall.

p. 25, l. 700. On the use of M.E. *fote* as a plural see Zupitza's note to *Guy*, l. 598.

p. 26, l. 722. Hall suggests, the original phrase may have been: *pomely whyt and grey*; cf. Chaucer, *C. T.*, Prol., l. 615 f.:

'This reeve sat vpon a ful good stot,  
That was al *pomely gray*, and highte Scot.'



p. 27, l. 744. Cf. l. 788. On *St. James* cf. Kölbing's note to *Am. and Aml.*, l. 796.

p. 29, l. 808 f. 'In so dangerous conditions he has been before [and still come back safe], so he will come back even this time.'

p. 29, l. 819. On the meaning of the phrase '*the bord beginne*', cf. Kölbing, *Englische studien*, III. p. 104, and Zupitza, *Anglia*, III. p. 370 f.

p. 30, l. 838. This stanza being incomplete, I think, the lacuna is to be put after l. 838. The missing three lines contained the fact, that the king promises Torrent, before his knights, that, when he has done this deed, he will give him his daughter, and grant him one half of his kingdom during his life, and the whole afterwards; cf. l. 1206 ff. The odd number of XXVII knights is probably due only to the scribe; cf. F. III: *By VII score of hardy knyghtes*.

p. 31, l. 867 f. These two lines are poor, and the rhyme is very bad; l. 868 may have run originally, *Thurrow Pervyns, for sothe, it ley*; cf. l. 949.

p. 32, l. 901. *squyere*, although very odd at the first sight, may still be right; Torrent says: 'The only squier that I took with me for this journey, is my sword'; cf. l. 909.

p. 33, l. 922. Cf. Kölbing's note to *Ipomadon*, l. 3344.

p. 33, l. 924-6. On the story of a child, begotten by a devil on a sleeping woman, cf. Breul, *Sir Gowther*, p. 119 f.

p. 34, l. 954 ff. Cf. *Tristrem*, l. 1409 ff.:

'Out of Develin toun  
De folk wel fast ran,  
In a water to droun.  
So ferd were þai þan.'

p. 34, l. 963 f. Cf. *Beves of Hamtoun*, l. 187 f.:

'Madame, a seide, for loue myn,  
Whar mai ich finde þat wilde swin?'

p. 36, l. 1000. Instead of *spere* perhaps we ought to read *swordle*.

p. 37, l. 1030 f. If we compare the rests of these lines in F. VI., this reading or a similar one is to be expected. The reading of l. 1029 ff. in the fragments may be completed so: [*Thourgh the he*]lpe of god of heuen *Thorough ye and*] herin euen God send the spere the right way.

p. 36, l. 1033 f. Cf. ll. 1166, 2468 f., and Kölbing's note to *Sir Tristrem*, l. 69 f.

p. 38, l. 1070. 'I came hither to seek my death,' i. e. this expedition was so dangerous, that I expected to die.

p. 38, l. 1076. Cf. *Ipomadon*, l. 239 f.:

'Tyll vncovth contreys will I wende,  
The maner wille I see.'

p. 39, l. 1081. *is* was to be corrected into *it*: 'Because you slew him that possessed it.'

p. 39, l. 1086. This line, according to Hall's emendation, means: You owe no homage or feudal due, the manor is yours and your heirs'

for ever; i. e. the manor is in fee simple, and free from any feudal obligation.

p. 39, st. 95. The text would be improved by putting ll. 1104-6 before 1101-3, although this transposition is not absolutely necessary.

p. 39, l. 1105. *lefte* may be a mistake for *lost*; cf. *Gower*, I. 207 :  
'Contenaunce for a þrowe  
He loste.'

p. 40, l. 1117. Cf. Ritson's *Met. Rom.*, III. p. 341 f., and Zupitza's note to *Guy*, l. 436.

p. 40, l. 1121. *he bare* looks rather suspicious, but it is supported by l. 2169. The author is about to describe the figures inlaid on the shield. Cf. *Eglamour*, l. 1030 f.:

'*He bare in azure*<sup>1</sup> a grype of golde,  
*Rychely beton on the molde.*'

p. 40, l. 1124. This line is hopelessly spoilt; the scribe, careless as he was, has almost literally repeated l. 1121; l. 1125 directly continues the description begun before.

p. 40, l. 1132. *Is than I haue in tale* right? We expect rather: *than I can telle in tale*.

p. 41, l. 1138 f. Cf. l. 1587 f.

p. 41, l. 1143. I thought it necessary to insert *mete*, although Mätzner, *Wörterbuch*, II. p. 274, cites this line as the only instance in the M.E. literature for *glad* as a substantive. But even the sense is very poor without this addition.

p. 41, l. 1144. As to a man riding into the hall, cf. Skeat's note to Chaucer's *Squire's Tale*, l. 80, and Kölbing's note to *Ipomadon*, l. 6253 f.

p. 41, l. 1150 f. I hope my alterations in l. 1151 are right. It cannot be said that the King of Aragon defends the lady unless somebody has laid claims to her. Torrent wants either three combats or the lady, quite a regular occurrence in mediæval romances.

p. 41, l. 1154. *none*, i. e. *no lady*.

p. 41, l. 1160. Cf. Kölbing's note to *Tristrem*, l. 138.

p. 41, l. 1165. *the gres*, which word is here required by the rhyme, is, in the same way as in this passage, used for 'battle-field,' in *Perceval*, l. 1225 f.:

'Hedes and helmys ther was,  
I telle þow withowttene lese,  
Many layde *one the gresse*,  
And many brode schelde.'

p. 42, l. 1181. *For tynding of his hand* = for fear of (= *for*) the beating (blows) of his hand. Schoolboy slang still keeps the word '*to tund*' = to beat with something flat.—HALL.

p. 42, l. 1193. On this expression Skeat treats in *Notes to P. Pl.*, p. 3987, to which note I refer the reader. Cf. *Li B. Disc.*, l. 130 f. (Ritson, *Rom.* II. p. 6):

'Hys schon wer with gold ydyght  
And *kopeth* as a knyght.'

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<sup>1</sup> So *Percy Fol. MS.*; ascribe Thornt.

p. 43, l. 1198 f. : 'None of them said a single word, But that Torrent had been right to do so as he had done.'

p. 43, l. 1211. There is an evident contradiction between this line and l. 1199. I suppose the word *waried* to be wrong; but I am not able to give a fairly certain emendation of it.

p. 44, l. 1228 f. : 'The king had supposed he was dead, and, indeed, foolhardy he was to undertake an adventure like this.'

p. 45, l. 1268 f. This fight between the giant Cate and Torrent reminds us in some points of the combat between Guy and Colbroun. Like the old northern *holmganga*, both fights take place on an island, and in both cases the giant declines to sit on horseback, because he is too heavy; cf. *Guy of Warwike*, Edinburgh, 1840, l. 9940 ff. :

'When þai had sworn and ostage founde,  
Colbroun stirt vp in þat stounde,  
To fyt he was ful felle.  
He was so michel and so vnrede,  
That no hors miȝt him lede,  
In gest as y you telle.  
So mani he hadde of armes gere,  
Vnneȝe a cart miȝt hem bere,  
Þe Ingliſſe for to quelle.'

p. 45, l. 1270. *he* instead of *him* is remarkable; this personal construction, provided that it is right, would offer an analogue to *I am wo* instead of *me is wo*; cf. Kölbing's note to *Tristrem*, l. 245.

p. 45, l. 1271 = l. 1546.

p. 46, l. 1307. This line ought probably to run thus :

'*Sir Torrent praid, as was his wounne.*'

p. 47, l. 1337 f. This is SAINT *Nicholas de Barr*, not sir N., as the copyist has put. He was hardly a cleric, or he would have known the Boy Bishop. An English reference for S. Nicholas is Alban Butler, *Lives of the Fathers, Martyrs, etc.*, vol. vii. p. 989, Dublin, 1833. His day is Dec. 6th, consequently he is not in *Acta Sanctorum*; see besides *Altenglische legenden, Neue folge*, ed. Horstmann, Heilbronn, 1881, p. 11—16, and Barbour's *Legendensammlung*, ed. Horstmann, I. p. 229—245. *Barr* is *Bari* in Italy, and Barbour, I. p. 238, l. 601 f., knew it was two syllables (cf. the rhyme *þame be : Barre*). Nicholas was the patron of sailors, and churches on the sea-coast in all parts of Europe were dedicated to him. Now as Sir Torrent had been in peril at sea, he offers to him. It was customary to offer garments at such shrines. See Hampson, *Medii Aeri Kalendarium*, I. p. 72. Hence I propose for l. 1338 : *A grett Erldome and a simarr. Simarr* is not a common word, which makes it all the more probable here, since the uncommon words are those which are corrupted and lost. See *Prompt. Parr.*, I. p. 75 : '*chymar, abella*,' that is '*abolla, cloak*.' M. E. *simar*, Fr. *simarre*.—HALL. I have not hesitated for a moment to introduce this sagacious conjecture into the text; also the correction of *redith* into *tas* I owe to Mr. Hall.

p. 48, l. 1353. Cf. Kölbing's note to *Sir Tristrem*, l. 2508.

p. 48, l. 1364. We ought probably to read *she* instead of *he*.

p. 48, l. 1367 f. Cf. l. 1756 f.

p. 48, l. 1378. Cf. *Sir Tristrem*, l. 2458 :

‘Bi holtes and bi hille.’

p. 49, l. 1385 ff. Here he addresses the King of Portugal. In l. 1385 *the* is superfluous, and should perhaps be struck out.

p. 49, l. 1395. *fend* = *defend*; cf. Zupitza’s note to *Guy*, l. 576.

p. 51, l. 1443 f. As the existence of *fede* = *fode*, ‘fellow’ is proved by no other passage, we ought perhaps to write *As spede me god : ffode*, or *As g. me save : knave*, instead of *As god me spede : ffede*.

p. 51, l. 1445. The alteration of *fleand*, which is absurd here, into *failand* is supported by l. 1280.

p. 51, l. 1446. As to *make* instead of *made*, cf. l. 332.

p. 51, l. 1463. Cf. l. 2090 f. I am afraid neither of these passages is quite right.

p. 53, l. 1518. Perhaps we ought to read :

‘And out of the valey he hyd swith.’

p. 54, l. 1531. I don’t believe that the poet used the word *tree* thrice within these four lines; perhaps he wrote for l. 1531 : *Shold not draue it, parde*.

p. 54, l. 1551. Cf. *Guy*, ed. Zupitza, l. 5430 :

‘To reste þer horsys a lytull wyght,’

and Zupitza’s note to l. 419.

p. 55, l. 1570. Cf. Stratmann’s note to *Havelok*, l. 1129 (*Englische studien*, I. p. 424).

p. 56, l. 1592. *To the I haue full good gate* means, ‘I am fully entitled to kill you.’ I don’t recollect to have met with any parallel passage.

p. 56, l. 1600. That *dynt* is wrong, the rhyme shows as well as the meaning. But whether my alteration is right, seems very doubtful, especially as l. 1609 offers the same rhyming word.

p. 58, st. 142. Rhymes like *dight*, *be-taught*, *draught*, *right* can by no means be admitted. Now, instead of *be-taught* we may be allowed to write *be-teighte* (cf. *Beket*, l. 1827), and l. 1654 may have run :

‘He wold haue a draught, aplight.’

p. 59, l. 1676. After *was*, *sent* may have been dropped.

p. 59, l. 1692. *For his love*, i. e. ‘As his sweetheart.’

p. 60, l. 1714. Cf. *Ipomadon*, l. 52 :

‘Begge he wex of bonne and blode.’

*Ib.* l. 1763 :

‘Ryghtte bygge of bone and blode.’

p. 60, l. 1722 : ‘All his men agreed with him,’ viz. that this was the knight whom he came to seek.

p. 62, l. 1774. *Is her day* = A.S. *aerdagas*, cf. *Havelok*, l. 27? The word is very rare, and in this meaning occurs only in the plural.

p. 62, l. 1777. After *king*, *on kne* may have dropped out.

p. 63, l. 1799. Cf. Chaucer, *C. T.*, the Millere's Tale, l. 325 :

‘ Say what thou wolt, I schal it never telle  
To child no wyf, by him that harwed helle.’

*Ib.*, The Sompnoure's Tale, l. 407 :

‘ Now help, Thomas, for him that harewed helle.’

Perhaps even here, l. 1702, *Iesu, that made hell*, ought to be altered into *I. that harowde hell*.

p. 64, l. 1846. Perhaps we ought to read *ebbyng* instead of *eb*, according to l. 223 ; one can hardly say, that ‘ the sea is eb.’

p. 68, l. 1961. Instead of *A* I should prefer to read *The*, because this griffon is the same which robbed the child before.

p. 69, l. 1982. *Of what lond that he is left*, i. e. ‘ Wherever he may be born.’

p. 69, l. 1991 f. Cf. *Ipomadon*, l. 50 f. :

‘ He sayd : Fro tyme he kepe tham con,  
My laudes I shall hym take.’

p. 70, l. 2002. *It is good in every fight*, i. e. there is a stone in the ring which heals wounds, if they are touched with it ; cf. Kölbing's note to *Ipomadon*, l. 8018.

p. 70, 2010. Halliwell, p. 306, explains *disparlid* by ‘ beaten down, destroyed,’ a meaning which is not fit for this passage. I read with a slight addition *disparplid* = ‘ dispersed,’ a rare word ; cf. *Stratmann*, p. 156.

p. 71, l. 2026. *But* is probably to be altered into *And*.

p. 72, l. 2053. Cf. Kölbing's note to *Tristrem*, l. 3068.

p. 72, l. 2075. One might be inclined to write :

‘ That my two children vncrystonyd ware,’

but I don't think that we are obliged to change : ‘ I cared only for that one thing, That my two children might be christened.’

p. 74, l. 2126. For *king* instead of *heng* cf. Mätzner, *Sprachproben*, I. 1, p. 292, note to line 675, where *hynge* rhymes with *springes*.

p. 74, l. 2135. *hede vale*, i. e. principal, best choice ; *vale* = *wale*, or perhaps aphetic for *avale* = value.—HALL.

p. 74, l. 2138. *born* seems to me somewhat suspicious, though I cannot propose a better reading ; *and torn* instead of *born* wouldn't do.

p. 75, l. 2152. The imperfect rhyme shows that there is something wrong in this line ; it may be restored thus :

‘ Loo, lordys good and hende.’

p. 75, l. 2153. *wyll haue* has probably been inserted here from the following line ; we ought to read *has*.

p. 75, l. 2157. *Season for to hold*, i. e. ‘ in order to hold court.’ But I don't know another instance of *season* with this meaning.

p. 76, l. 2174. This line involves a contradiction to l. 2158 f.



p. 76, l. 2185. *smote* means the same as *caste*; cf. *King Horn*, ed. Wissmann, l. 1038:

‘And ankere gunne caste.’

The only question is, whether *ankere* is allowed to be supplied or must be added; cf. l. 2203.

p. 77, l. 2209—2214. The Sultan informs Torrent by messengers, that the inhabitants of the town are starving, evidently appealing to his generosity. Torrent answers him, that if they will lie here, *i. e.* leave the town, they are to have victuals enough. But the Sultan doesn’t accept this condition, and so the siege is continued. That seems to me to be the meaning of this half of the stanza.

p. 77, l. 2216 f. *dede* means here, and l. 2400, ‘exploit, battle.’ In the same way Saber, Beves’s uncle, once a year on a certain day fights against the Emperor; cf. *Sir Beves*, l. 2917 ff.:

‘& eueri zer on a dai certaine  
Vpon pemperur of Almaine  
He ginneþ gret bataile take,  
Beues, al for þine sake.’

It agrees very well with the religious feelings of the Middle Ages, when they thought it a merit to fight against the heathens on Good Friday; cf. here l. 2230 ff.

p. 77, l. 2224 ff. I am afraid there is something wrong in these lines; the copyist seems to mean, that Torrent didn’t bereave the inhabitants of their worldly goods, their treasures; then we must write *them* for *it*. But what we really expect here is, that he leaves in the town some trustworthy men to keep it. Accordingly, the fault lies in *Worldely goodis*. Besides, l. 2224, *did wryn*, instead of *was yn*, would improve the rhyme.

p. 77, l. 2232. *bryght* is a rather odd epithet to *Sargins*.

p. 78, l. 2233 ff. Fifteen years have past since Torrent began to fight against the infidels: he besieges the first town two years (cf. l. 2189), the second, six years (cf. l. 2206), the third, seven years (cf. l. 2230). Meanwhile, the education of a young man being finished at the age of fifteen (cf. Kölbing’s note to *Tristrem*, l. 287), his son had become just old enough to win his spurs.

p. 78, l. 2240. I doubt whether *ordeyn* can be allowed to stand without an object, such as *your folk*, or *your ships*; cf. *Robert of Glo’ster*, ed. Hearne, p. 139, l. 19:

‘He bigan to ordeyne ys folk, & to batail aȝen drow.’

p. 78, l. 2256: ‘Woebegone was she, that must see that,’ viz. that ‘le leopard took away her sone.’

p. 78, l. 2259 f. The meaning of these two lines is not quite perspicuous, and they may be corrupt; only this one thing is clear, that these two knights are Torrent and his son, who belong to different parties.

p. 79, l. 2269 ff. It may be that ll. 2269-71 and ll. 2272-74 are

to be transposed, but I don't think it necessary: Torrent's men flee when they see that their chief has surrendered.

p. 80, l. 2302. *wekid* = wicked, mischievous. But I don't recollect to have met with this adj. as an epithet to *land* or *country*.

p. 80, l. 2304. Cf. *Tristrem*, l. 88, Kölbing's note to that passage, and *York Plays*, p. 438, l. 155:

'For, certys, ~~my~~ lyf days are nere done.'

p. 80, l. 2316. The alteration of this line is rather a radical one; but there was no other way to restore the rhyme; I think that first, *day* and *nyzt* had changed their places in line 2313, and then the copyist, in order to get a rhyme to *nyzt*, spoilt the latter line.

p. 81, l. 2335. *be my ffaye* and *parmaffay* in the same stanza, and both in the rhyme, are rather poor; one of these lines may have run thus:

'Be god of heven, the king gan say.'

p. 82, l. 2357. The same confusion between *turment* and *turnament* occurs in *Ipomadon*, l. 2868; cf. Kölbing's note to this line.

p. 83, l. 2392. Cf. *Ipomadon*, l. 3958:

'A mercy, syr, for Crystes pitte,'

and Kölbing's note to this line.

p. 83, l. 2395 f. Cf. Kölbing's note to *Tristrem*, l. 3064, where he cites an interesting parallel passage to this line from *Guy of Warwick*, ed. Zupitza, l. 4707 f.:

'ȝyt þou art the trewest knyght,  
That euer slepyd in wynturs nyght.'

p. 83, l. 2405. *and* is perhaps miswritten for *an* or *on*.

p. 83, l. 2407. This line, as it stands, is rather odd; perhaps it ought to be identical with l. 1128.

p. 84, l. 2420. *juster*, *jouster*, means here a knight who joins in a joust or tournament: in the only other passage where it is known to occur, *Alis*, l. 1400, it is a horse for tourneying.

p. 84, l. 2433 = l. 2456; cf. *Ipomadon*, l. 8830:

'Euery man in there degre.'

p. 85, l. 2450. On *roial*, cf. Kölbing's note to *Ipomadon*, l. 64. To a *roall ffyght* may be compared Shakespeare's *A royal battle* (*Rich. III.*, IV. iv.).

p. 85, l. 2461. *with oute lent* = 'without fasting'? I have not met with this expletive phrase anywhere else.

p. 86, l. 2493. It was not superfluous to mention this fact, because knights were very often killed in tournaments; cf. Niedner, *Das deutsche turnier im XII. und XIII. Jahrhundert*, Berlin, 1881, p. 24. See also R. Brünne's *Handlyng-Synne*, ed. Furnivall, 1862, p. 144-6.

p. 87, l. 2518-20. As to the meaning of *couplid*, cf. Mätzner, *Wörterbuch*, I. p. 491. These lines evidently mean that gentlemen and ladies sit alternately, what one calls in German, *bunte reihe machen*.

Cf. A. Schultz, *Das höfische Leben Zur Zeit der Minnesinger*, I. p. 330, and P. Pietsch, Bunte Reihe, *Zeitschrift für deutsche Philologie*, vol. xvi. Halle, 1884, p. 231, who cites from *Biterolf*, l. 7399 ff. :

‘Do hiezens under mine man  
Ir ingesinde woi getân  
Sich teilen in dem palas,  
Daz kein min recke dâ was,  
Ern sæze zwischen magedin.’

p. 87, l. 2526. *emell* was added by Hall in order to restore the rhyme with *Desonell*.

p. 88, l. 2535. For this correction, cf. Zupitza’s note to *Guy*, l. 600.

p. 90, l. 2593. After *marked*, *them* may have dropped; cf. *Layamon*, l. 5642 f. :

‘And heom markede forð,  
Touward Munt-giu heo ferden,’

instead of which lines the later MSS. writes :

‘Hii nome riht hire way  
Touward Muntageu.’

p. 90, l. 2597. On *castelletoure* cf. Kölbing’s note to *Tristrem*, l. 158.

p. 91, l. 2636. Cf. Kölbing’s notes to *Amis and Amiloun*, l. 1019, and to *The lyfe of Ipomadon*, l. 506. Here the expression, *no good he ne couth* means, he was quite feeble and strengthless.

p. 92, l. 2658. *up-tyed* = so limited by the deed of foundation that they (the churches and abbeys) could not be diverted to any other purpose.—HALL.

p. 92, l. 2661. Cf. *Eglamour*, l. 1339, Lincoln MS. :

‘In Rome this romance crowned es.’

The Cambridge MS. reads instead :

‘In Rome thys geste cronyculd ys.’

I am inclined to think that *crowned* is nothing else but a misreading for *cronyculd*. Afterwards, considered to be correct, it has originated expressions like those we find here.



## GLOSSARY.

*Abydde*, 2/41, *vb.* to endure.  
*a-bye*, 21/569, *vb.* to pay for.  
*actone*, 79/2276, *sb.* a jacket of quilted cotton. Cf Skeat's Glossary to *Wars of Al.*, s. v.  
*ago*, 3/65, *pp.* gone.  
*a-right*, 48/1364, *pt. s.* prepared, served up.  
*assent*, 48/1357, *sb.* proposal.  
*assttyt*, 23/640, *adv.* at once.  
*auter*, 68/1952, *sb.* altar.  
*avented*, 54/1554, *pt. s. refl.* recovered his breath.  
*aventorres*, 2/39, *sb. pl.* adventures.  
*aventurly*, 44/1229, *adv.* boldly.  
*axithe*, 10/260, *pr. 3 sg.* asks.

*Bulle*, 15/400, *sb.* bale.  
*bane*,\* 29/794, *sb.* bone; 52/1478, *sb.* destruction, death; 59/1678, *sb.* over-comer.  
*bare*, 53/1502, *pr. s.* stabbed.  
*barys*, 35/978, *sb. pl.* bars.  
*bayte*, 54/1553, *vb.* to pasture.  
*bed*, 29/793, *pp.* offered.  
*bent*, 25/701, 86/2487, *sb.* battle-field.  
*b riles*, 36/1015, *adj.* beardless.  
*bere*, 37/1045, *vb.* to stab.  
*be-stad*, 29/808, *pp.* sore bestad = distressed.  
*bet*, 57/1622, *pt. s.* beat.  
*be-taught*, 58/1651, *pp.* surrendered, delivered.  
*bitt*, 55/1585, *pp.* beaten; 40/1123, *pp.* ornamented.  
*be-tyde*, 45/1270, *vb.* to befall; cf. the note to this line.  
*beytyng*, 36/1008, *vb. sb.*, baiting.?  
*bla*,\* 9/237, *adj.* pale, wan; cf. the note.  
*blo*,\* 13/351, *adj.* blue.  
*blynd*, 4/87, *pr. s. conj.* blind.

TORRENT OF PORTYNGALE.

*bode*, 18/498, *pr. s.* ordered.  
*boffettes*, 85/2472; *buffettes*, 56/1596, *sb. pl.* blow, dint.  
*bone*, 55/1565, *sb.* prayer.  
*bord*, 29/819, 42/1194, *sb.* table.  
*bowes*, 51/1451, *sb. pl.* bough, branch.  
*bowght*, 21/556, *sb.* bend.  
*brayd*, 56/1598, *sb.* sudden attack.  
*broke*, 30/833, 48/1354, *vb.* to enjoy.  
*browz*, 24/654, *sb.* rising ground, hill.  
*byddythe*, 18/500, *pr. s.* waited, remained.  
*byght*, 22/605, *vb.* to bite.  
*byne*, 2/46, *vb.* to be.  
*byrlyd*, 11/292, 12/329, *pr. s.* to pour out.

*Custell toure*, 90/2597, *sb.* castle tower.  
*chaffare*, 35/986, *sb.* bargain.  
*challenge*, 41/1150; *pr. s.* 41/1163; *pr. s. conj.* challenge.  
*cheff-foster*, 21/574, *sb.* chief-foster.  
*ches*, 26/718, *pr. s.* chose.  
*chyrge*, 29/814, *sb.* church.  
*clarkys*, 1/12, *sb. pl.* clerks.  
*clere*, 3/62, *adj.* clere of, renowned for.  
*clow*,\* 20/542, *sb.* elough.  
*cobled*, 46/1298, *adj.* cobled stones = cobblestones.  
*comely*, 26/722, *adv.* in a comely manner; cf. the note.  
*contenance*,\* 3/75, *sb.* countenance, presence of mind.  
*cord*, 48/1357, *pr. s.* accord.  
*coueryd*, 87/2506, *pr. pl.* *Vp they coueryd* = They recovered.?  
*countenance*, 39/1105, *sb.* countenance.  
*couped*, 42/1193, *pp.*; cf. the note.

*coupled*, 87/2520, *pp.* coupled; *cf.* the note.

*coursus*, 41/1150, 42/1177, *sb. pl.* courses.

*couth*, 46/1295, 91/2636, *pr. s.* knew.

*craftely*, 54/1527, *adv.* skilfully.

*crest*, 40/1128; *creste*, 83/2407, *sb.* crest.

*croke*, 36/1018, 37/1042, 55/1577, 56/1607, 58/1652, *sb.* crook.

*Dalle*, 21/562, *sb.* valley.

*debyner*, 41/1154, *vb.*; 41/1151, *imp.* to deliver up; *debynerd*, 63/1806, 1808, *pp.* delivered of a child;

*debynerd*, 82/2372, *pp.* released?

*dent*, 2/41, *sb.* blow.

*departid*, 47/1329, *pr. pl.* divorced.

*deve*, 4/38, *sb.* dien.

*deyr*, 2/37, *adj.* dear.

*deyse*, 38/1067, 42/1192, *sb.* dais.

*ght*, 39/1081, *pr. s.* built.

*disparplid*,\* 70/2010, *pp.* dispersed; *cf.* the note.

*douy*, 61/1754, *pr. pl.* dung, beat.

*dourst*, 3/81, *prs. sg.* darest.

*draught*, 58/1654, *sb.* draught.

*dryce*, 36/994, *vb.* endure.

*duchyes*, 33/933, *sb. pl.* duchies.

*duful*, 19/519, *adj.* troublesome.

*dunynug*, 52/1487, *sb.* roaring.

*dyspysyst*, 2/47, *prs. 2 sg.* despisest.

*Eb*, 64/1846, *sb.* ebb; *cf.* the note.

*ebhyd*, 8/223, *pp.* ebbing.

*ech*, 92/2657, *pron.* each.

*eche*, 24/649, *sb.* oak.

*edentyd*, 9/227, *pp.* indented, adorned.

*erber*, 65/1868, *sb.* garden of pleasure.

*ermyght*, 36/1008, *sb.* ?

*eyllythe*, 34/958, *prs. 3 sg.* ails.

*Fall*, 47/1331, *vb.* to fell, kill.

*fame*, 2/31, *sb.* foam.

*fare*, 44/1234, *sb.* at that fare = under these circumstances.

*farly*, 2/44; *ferly*, 69/1974, 71/2035, *sb.* wonder.

*fawe*,\* 16/431, *adj.* destined to death.

*fede*,\* 2/30, *sb.* feed, pasture ground; *cf.* the note.

*ffide*, 51/1444, *sb.*; *cf.* the note.

*fell*, 85/2444, *adj.* strong, able.

*fell*, 1/21, 4/90, *vb.* to fell, kill;

*fellythe*, 3/82, *pr. 3 sg.* fells.

*fere*, 3/69, 4/98, 4/102, 33/931, 85/2466, *sb.* companion.

*fesomnyd*, 2/28, *pr. s.*; *cf.* the note.

*fet*, 12/309, *pp.* fetched.

*ffettouris*, 81/2333, *sb. pl.* fetters.

*flyug*, 67/1927, *vb.* to hasten.

*flyugynug*, 14/378, *p. prs.* hastening.

*fode*, 36/1012, *sb.* food; *ffode*, 64/1823, *sb.* child, wight.

*ffont*, 69/1993, *sb.* font.

*forsake*, 26/724, *vb.* to leave behind.

*fforward*, 61/1743, *sb.* agreement.

*fraye*, 23/638, *sb.* attack.

*freke*, 58/1661, *sb.* warrior.

*frethe*, 6/161, *sb.* forest.

*fyle*, 33/911, *sb.* fill.

*ffyne*, 39/1086, *sb.* fine.

*fytte*, 17/458, *sb. pl.* feet.

*fytynug*, 7/1731, *p. prs.* fighting.

*Gaullynug*, 36/1015, *sb.* vagabond.

*gale*, 46/1313, *sb.* galley.

*gas*, 4/103, *prs. 3 sg.* goes.

*gestouye*, 82/2374, 91/2625, 91/2627, *sb.* banquet, feast.

*gethe*, 71/2042, *prs. 3 sg.* goes.

*glenyrrynug*, 16/426, *p. prs.* glimmering.

*governe*, 28/779, *vb. refl.* to behave.

*greme*,\* 67/1929, *sb.* grief, sorrow.

*grennyng*, 40/1126, *p. prs.* distort-ing, gaping.

*griffon*, 69/1971; *greffon*, 69/1981, *sb.* griffin.

*grype*, 68/1961, *sb.* griffin.

*Harood*, 60/1711, *sb.* herald; 82/2365; *harroldys*, *sb. pl.* heralds.

*harood*, 63/1799, *pr. s.* distracted.

*hed*, 17/444, *sb.* heed.

*hede*, 74/2126, *vb.* to behead.

*hede-vale*, 74/2135, 91/2621, *sb.* principal value; *cf.* the note to l. 2135.

*hedles*, 25/702, *adj.* headless.

*hende*, 4/106, *adj.* courteous.

*herne*,\* 37/1030, *sb.* brains.

*hered*,\* 14/371, *sb.* head.

*hight*, 65/1860, *sb.* height.

*housell*, 45/1272; *howsell*, 74/2139, *sb.* house.

*houye*, 20/548, *adj.* huge, enormous.

*hurrt*, 25/703, *adv.* out.  
*hurt*, 57/1625, *sb.* hurt.

*I-bye*, 43/1222, *vb.* to pay for.  
*i-wysse*, 15/391, *adv.* surely.  
*iuster*, 84/2420, *sb.* jousting knight.

*Keue*, 2/47, *adj.* brave.  
*kerpyng*, 92/2662, *vb. sb.* talking.

*Lade*, 58/1663, *sb.* load, i. e. a lot of blows.

*lay*, 6/165, 52/1492, *sb.* grass land, bank.

*lede*, 2/36, *sb.* country.

*lemyred*, 11/291, *pr. s.* glimmered.

*leuage*, 18/491, *sb.* lineage, family.

*leude*, 1/9, *prs. pl.* go.

*long*, 32/899, *vb.* to stay.

*lent*, 85/2461, *sb.* lent?

*leryd*, 40/1110, *pp.* informed.

*lifte*, 45/1273, *vb.* to lift.

*lothly*, 34/964, 35/991; *lothely*, 53/1508, 54/1534, *adj.* loathsome.

*love*, 59/1692, *sb.* love, sweet-heart.

*lyst*, 1/7, *vb.* to listen.

*lythe*, 13/337, *vb.* to listen.

*lycelode*, 83/2384, *sb.* livelihood.

*Maistershipmon*, 50/1425, *sb.* captain.

*mall*, 12/322, *sb.* hammer, club.

*markyd*, 90/2592, *pr. s.* directed.

*mate*, 25/678, *adj.* faint, exhausted.

*maynerey*, 16/435, *sb.* banquet, feast.

*mastyry*, 8/212, *sb.* mastery; *maystryes*, 28/789, *sb. pl.* = *maystryes*, exploits?

*meche*, 10/270, 20/531, 26/713, 37/1040, *adj.* much, great.

*met*, 25/700, *pr. s.* measured.

*moche*, 49/1399, 76/2195, *adj.* much, great.

*myd mete*, 41/1141, 42/1189, *sb.* the middle of the dinner.

*mylle*, 3/79, *sb.* mill.

*myrr*, 11/293, 34/943, *adj.* merry.

*myster*, 21/581, *sb.* need, want.

*Nynys*, 46/1299, *in phr.* for þe nones, for the once, for the occasion.

*nuryse*, 67/1928, *sb.* nurse.

*wot*,\* 51/1535, *prs. nc wot*, don't know.

*wowryd*, 6/153 *pp.* annoyed? cf. the note.

*Of-smyght*, 25/691, *vb.* to cut off.

*omage*, 39/1086, *sb.* homage.

*onfre*,\* 53/1499, *adj.* unmovable.

*on-h-trues*, 11/302, *vb.* to unharness.

*order*, 2/51, *sb.* order.

*ordurres*, 2/48, *sb. pl.* knighthood, dub.

*oeyr-ryde*, 2/40, *vb.* to ride over, to overcome?

*Payn*, 44/1252, *sb.* fine, mulet.

*perseryd*,\* 17/462, *pp.* pursued.

*pertely*, 53/1501, *adv.* openly, plainly.

*pluckys*, 56/1611, *sb.* strokes; cf. Halliwell, Dict., p. 633.

*pomell*, 26/714, *sb.* pommel.

*poynat*, 17/445, 88/2540, = *poynat of army*, 3/68, 30/832, 49/1383, *sb.* exploit.

*prekand*, 45/1263 *prs. p.* pricking.

*preste*, 50/1418, *adj.* ready.

*preve*, 10/275, *adj.* privy.

*pyll*, 21/573, *sb.* rock?

*Ragyl*, 7/194, *adj.* ragged.

*raught*, 24/645, *pr. s.* gave.

*red*, 7/178, *sb.* counsel.

*reioyse*, 75/2151, 80/2309, 91/2640, *vb.* to enjoy.

*revid*, 55/1561, *pr. pl.* reared, tried to bring on.

*reue*, 35/986, *vb.* to bereave, to rob.  
*reuelid*, 85/2467, *pr. pl.* revelled, feasted.

*revid*, 88/2546, *pp.* robbed.

*reue*, 31/860, *vb.* to rue, to pity.

*reysed*, 46/1313, *pr. pl.* raised, made ready; *reysing*, 51/1454, *prs. p.* rising, starting up.

*rially*, 87/2516, *adv.* royally.

*riatte*, 85/2455, *sb.* royal state.

*rightfull*, 64/1834, *adj.* rightfull.

*roall*, 85/2450, royal.

*rome*, 19/516, *sb.* cross-way?

*rore*, 37/132, *vb.* to roar.

*rough*, 66/1879, *sb.* wood, copse.

*roue*, 50/1426, *prs. pl.* row.

*rought*, 21/645, *sb.* stroke, blow?

*rude*, 58/1660, *adj.* rude.

*rud*, 2/44, *pr. s.* rode.

*ryde-wey*, 22/598, *sb.* spur-way, horse-way.

*ryngis*, 82/2354, *sb.* ring, arena.

*ryved*, 73/2090, *pr. s.* ryved up, landed, disembarked; *ryven*, 50/1435, *pr. p.* landed.

*Sare*, 4/97, *adv.* sorely.

*sarten*, 26/717, *adj. sb.* the sarten = the truth.

*sayment*, 2/50, *sb.* trial, exploit.

*scape*, 81/2327, *prs. subj.* escape.

*schedyng*, 19/516, *sb.* separation.

*scheff-chambyr*, 26/718, *sb.* chief-chamber, first rank-chamber.

*sched*, 21/578, *vb.* to shelter.

*schere*, 21/556, *vb.* to shear, to cut.

*schope*, 21/567, *pr. s.* created.

*schowt*, 21/570,

*shoute*, 61/1751, 65/1877, *s.*; *schuot*, 22/594, *vb.* to shout.

*season*, 75/2157, *sb.* court.

*see-fome*, 75/2165, *sb.* sea-foam.

*sege*, 77/2204, *sb.* siege.

*sekyrnes*, 30/835, *sb.* surety.

*sembled*, 85/2445, *pr. pl.* assembled.

*sete*, 33/922, *sb.* city.

*seth*, 74/2141, *conj.* since.

*sett*, 41/1152, *pr. s.* sat.

*sewe*, 4/89, *vb.* to look at.

*shipped*, 45/1260, *pr. s.* 46/1318, *pr. pl.* shpped, *pp.* embarked.

*shone*, 40/1117, *sb. pl.* shoes.

*side lokyng*, 57/1637, *sb.* side-glance.

*sized*, 79/2288, *pr. s.* sighed.

*simarr*,\* 47/1338, *sb.* cloak; see the note.

*slude*, 58/1660, *sb.* slade.

*slen*,\* 16/458, *sb.* sloe.

*smote*, 76/2185; *smote adown*, 77/2203, *pr. s.* cast anchor.

*solasyd*, 24/657, *pr. s.* solaced, comforted.

*solemnite*, 56/1591, *sb.* pride.

*sotell*, 61/1761, *adj.* subtle, sly.

*sowmyng*, 49/1400, 62/1782, 90/2615, *sb.* swooning.

*sparid*, 73/2096, *pr. pl.* barred, blocked up.

*sped*, 3/70, *prs. conj.* speed.

*spunt*, 67/1910, *pp.* lost.

*sperryd*, 14/364, *pr. s.* barred, shut up.

*sperryys*, 5/127, *sb.* spire, tree.

*spousage*, 62/1791, *sb.* spousage.

*sprent*, 7/181, *pr. s.* lept.

*spryt*, 7/181, *sb.* pole.

*stad*,\* 55/1566, *sb.* stead.

*state*, 60/1729, *sb.* chair of state.

*stere*,\* 24/662, *vb. refl.* move.

*steryng*, 62/1785, *p. prs.* stirring, moving.

*stomtyng*, 24/660, *p. prs.* stumbling.

*storrope*, 35/987, stirrup.

*strake*, 2/42, *pr. s.* struck.

*styll*, 18/477, *sb.* steel.

*swathing band*, 67/1917, *sb.* swath.

*swowe*,\* 20/548, *sb.* noise; cf. the note.

*sybbe*,\* 27/739, *sb.* kinsman.

*Takyll*, 49/1402, *sb.* tackling.

*tall*, 26/734, *sb.* tale.

*tene*, 3/73, *sb.* grief, sorrow.

*the*, 2/49, *vb.* to thrive.

*thele*,\* 60/1728, *sb.* people.

*theft*, 46/1292; *theffe*, 58/1659, *sb.* villain.

*theres*, 61/1760, *sb. pl.* villains.

*thole*,\* 17/460, *vb.* to suffer.

*throng*, 38/1057, *sb.* crowd, troop.

*througe*, 79/2283, *pr. pl.* thronged, pressed.

*tombelyd*, 42/1173, *pr. pl.* tumbled.

*to-sheverd*, 42/1172, *pr. s.* shivered in pieces.

*trast*,\* 17/455, ? *vb.* to trust.

*trayll*, 46/1314, *vb.* to trail.

*trayn*, 29/803, 51/1455, *sb.* treachery, deceit.

*trompettys*, 29/816, 34/443,

*trumpettes*, 41/1164, *sb. pl.* trumpets.

*trovyllid*, 17/452, *pr. s.* travailed, exerted himself.

*trow*, 21/572, *pr. s.* believe.

*trusse*, 13/354, *vb.* to truss.

*trussyd*, 14/371, *pr. pl.* trussed.

*tyed*, 92/2658, *pp.*; cf. the note.

*tyght*, 22/589, *adj.* tight.

*tyght*, 25/690, *adv.* in plur. *use tyght*, at once.

*tymbyr*, 2/40, 81/2349, 86/2483, lance.

*tynding*, 42/1181, *sb.* beating; cf. the note.

*Vale*, *s. hede*.

*venturus*, 55/1566, *adj.* adventurous, dangerous.

*vetelid*, 76/2188, *pp.* supplied with provisions.

*victoure*, 83/2411, *sb.* victor.

*vnbrýdeled*, 54/1552, *pr. s.* unbridled.

*vnder*, 71/2029, *sb.* noon.

*vndyr-nethe*, 20/542, *1 rep.* underneath.

*vndertane*, 61/1733, *vb.* to undertake.

*Walloyng*, 7/189, *prs. p.* wallowing.

*wanne*, 62/1767, *adj.* wan, dark.

*ward*, 48/1351, *sb.* warden.

*waried*, 43/1211, 88/2544, *pr. pl.*

cursed; *waried*, 54/1537, *pp.* cursed.

*warne*, 29/795, *prs. s.* deny, refuse.

*water fflood*, 65/1872, *sb.* water-flood.

*watt*, 44/1247, *prs. 3 sy.* knows.

*wax*, 3/73, *pr. s.* became.

*wete*, 2/33, *sb.* garment, dress.

*wekid*, 80/2302, *adj.* wicked; see the note.

*were*, 57/1623, *vb.* to get tired.

*were*, 28/773, *adj.* aware.

*wet-saffe*, 17/466, *pr. s.* vouchsafe.

*were*,\* 9/237, *pr. pl.* became.

*wight*, 50/1551, *sb.* white.

*wilsom*, 71/2030; *wylt-som*, 20/

535; *wyltsome*, 19/506, *adj.* wild, desert.

*wis*, 53/1525, *vb.* to show.

*wod*, 14/377, *adj.* mad.

*won*, 4/94, *adj.* one.

*wonande*, 1/14, *p. prs.* living.

*wondyr-thing*, 2/53, *sb.* wondrous thing.

*wonne*, 46/1295, *sb.* custom, expedient.

*wonne*, 46/1307, *pp.* wont? cf. the note.

*wonue*, 65/1870, *p.* dwelling, living?

*wonne*, 69/1995, *pp.* won.

*wrought vp*, 54/1532, *pr. s.* built up, raised.

*wyght*,\* 1/15, 3/60.

*wyt*, 27/749,

*wyhte*, 30/548, *adj.* wight.

*Yare*,\* 7/177,\* 14/369, 47/1320, *adv.* wholly, yarely.

*gatis gone*, 71/2025, *sb. pl.* footpaths.

*yell*, 46/1305, *vb.* to yell.

*yell*, 52/1487, *sb.* yell.

*yff*, 61/1740, *imp. s.*

*yff*, 70/2009, *prs. conj. s.* may give.

*ylke*, 25/694, 63/1801, *pron.* same.



## INDEX OF NAMES.

- Adolake*, 434, the name of a sword ;  
*Adyloke*, 665 ; *Hatheloke*, 791.  
*Adryan*, 927, St. Hadrian.  
*Anyas*, 345, a young prince.  
*Antioche*, 2229, Antiochia.  
*Antony*, 1874, 1940, 1970, 2558, St. Antony.  
*Antony fice greffoun*, 1998, 2435, 2476, *Torrent's* son.  
*Aragon*, 1114, 1152, 1182, 1212, 1257, 1325, 2110 ; *Eragon*, 765.  
*Awsden*, 1029, St. Austin.
- Be-gou-mese*, 101, a giant.  
*Berweyne*, 344 ; see *Jukys*.  
*Brasille*, 1450, a forest on the Norwegian coast.
- Calabur*, 847, 907, 952, 1059, 1320, 2113, Calabria.  
*Calamond*, 1221, King of Portugal ;  
*Calomond*, 2116, 2168 ; *Colomand*, 2104 ; *Colomond*, 1408, 2143.  
*Cardon*, 1091, a town in Calabria.  
*Cargon*, 1326, a town in Aragon.  
*Cate*, 1238, 1254, 1293, 1593, a giant.
- Desouelle*, 109, 382, 446, 450, 478, 673, 795, 859, 985, 1102, 1135, 1161, 1359, 1393, 1703, 1780, 2006, 2059, 2077, 2092, 2173, 2401, 2424, 2500, 2509, 2523, 2533, 2587, 2614 ; King *Calamond's* daughter, *Torrent's* spouse ; *Dissonelle*, 1329 ; *Dysonelle*, 32.
- Elyouer*, 347, daughter of the King of *Gales*.
- Flonthus*, 1005, *Slonges of Flonthus*, a giant.  
*Fuolles*, 748, *Slogus of Fuolles*, variation of the former name.
- Gales*, 346, 408, 417.  
*Gendres*, 1747, daughter of the King of Norway.  
*George*, 1677, St. George.  
*Grece*, 2419, 2434, 2557, 2643, Greece.  
*Grekes*, 79, 1282, 2179, 2645, Greeks.  
*Gryffen*, 1215, St. Griffon.
- Hungry*, 970, Hungary.
- Jukys*, 344, *Jukys of Berweyne*, a young prince.  
*Jame*, 744, 788, St. James.  
*Jerusalem*, 1897, 1921, 1938, 2236, 2245, 2275, 2426, 2473, 2554, 2633.  
*Jesus*, 134, 274, 537, 540, 675, 996, 1340, 1371, 1382, 1447, 1539, 1564, 1702, 1799, 1937, 1985, 1997, 2218, 2580 ; *Jesu Cryst*, 206, 529, 1275, 1832, 1852, 2664.  
*John*, 1844, 2140, 2514, 2559, St. John.
- Katryn*, 2053, St. Catherine.
- Leobertus*, 1925, 2246, 2477, *Torrent's* son.
- Marre*, 85, 624 ; *Mary*, 136, 1308, 1565, 1646, 1888, 1906, 1946, 1969, 2098, 2311 ; *Marry*, 61, 259, 863.  
*Mardleyn*, 489 ; *Mardleyn*, 505, 737, Maullin, name of a forest.  
*Mownpolyardus*, 716, the name of a sword.  
*Myhelle*, 753, St. Michael.
- Nazareth*, 465, 2032, 2041, 2389, 2437, 2528.



- Norway*, 1370, 1377, 1412, 1417, 1759, 1781, 2083.  
*Nycholas de Barr*, 1337, St. Nicholas de Bari; see the note.
- Peron*, 1776, 1830; *Peroune*, 659; *Perrown*, 412, a town in Portugal.  
*Pervens*, 420, 1095, 1320; *Pervyns*, 868, 2113, Provence; *Provyns*, 397, 413.  
*Portingale*, 1069, 1346, 2090, 2095, 2593; *Portyngale*, 1772, 2134, 2176, 2413, 2620; *Portynggalle*, 13, 25, 374, 399, 727, 763, 877, 883, 1255, Portugal.
- Quarelle*, 2182, 2415, a town in Syria.
- Raynes*, 2414, a town in Syria.  
*Rochense*, 637, a giant.  
*Rome*, 12, 118, 187, 190, 198, 558, 924, 1224, 1282, 1319, 1924, 2183, 2626, 2661.
- Samson*, 95, Samson.  
*Sarzins*, 2232, Saracens.  
*Sathanas*, 1237, Satan.  
*Slochys*, 850; *Slogus*, 748; *Slonges*, 1005; *Slongus*, 967, a giant.
- Torrayne*, 26, Touraine.  
*Torren*, 343.  
*Torrent*, 34, 46, 49, 61, 91, 133, 148, 181, 200, 203, 217, 224, 230, 252, 280, 295, 302, 314, 392, 399, 432, 466, 470, 477, 480, 495, 504, 519, 528, 540, 556, 577, 585, 591, 621, 634, 642, 645, 648, 663, 670, 677, 681, 687, 691, 693, 699, 733, 739, 752, 768, 772, 819, 824, 825, 828, 834, 839, 843, 852, 877, 883, 896, 946, 957, 984, 987, 999, 1006, 1021, 1023, 1039, 1044, 1051, 1060, 1072, 1119, 1163, 1167, 1170, 1176, 1200, 1256, 1263, 1270, 1284, 1298, 1414, 1434, 1480, 1535, 1699, 1756, 1838, 1903, 2081, 2485, 2630; *Terrant*, 142; *Terrent*, 85; *Torent*, 157, 205, 756, 784, 1246, 1254, 1278, 1293, 1307, 1317, 1322, 1325, 1331, 1347, 1355, 1367, 1379, 1391, 1437, 1443, 1494, 1511, 1517, 1562, 1569, 1598, 1613, 1622, 1724, 1727, 1780, 1811, 2084, 2097, 2107, 2117, 2120, 2140, 2150, 2155, 2179, 2191, 2197, 2209, 2224, 2244, 2257, 2263, 2269, 2281, 2330, 2362, 2380, 2478, 2479, 2482, 2489, 2495, 2501, 2503, 2511, 2534, 2567, 2575, 2603, 2611, 2617, 2642, 2649; *Torrant*, 70, 76, 103, 241, 253, 364, 380, 657, 760, 840, 963; *Tyrrant*, 18.
- Velond*, 427, Veland the smith.  
*Verdownys*, 305, 341, 410, son of the King of Provence.
- Weraunt*, 1650, a giant.





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